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AFTER THE TECH WRECK

Many of the hi-tech forecasts from the late '90s seem silly—but some ring true

TALKING with a friend in the high-tech sector recently (yes, there are still a few people employed there), we mentioned that the booms of the late '90s. From the outside, it's hard to say what was worse about that era: the goofy ideas ("we can make billions selling pet food on-line"), their crassness ("we'll do the IPO tomorrow"), or the deliberate abandonment of common sense ("We won't do a business plan that would only limit our potential to invest"). The most annoying thing—when you were part of it—was how rich those offenders became, at least for a while.

My favorite recollection, because it neatly summarizes the malfeasance, is the prediction that we would all some day have computers built into our household appliances. The idea seemed to be that you could, say, tap a Nest to Tell on the keyboard attached to the fridge while getting a beer, or play a game on an electronic white-capping your popcorn. The reason we would, we were told, was because we could. Few people took that the next step—but because you can do something, does it necessarily mean you should?

But even as we mock that goldy, gilded period, we ignore how many of the fantastical dreams and creations hatched then are now, more quietly, coming to pass. On that reflection, the idea of having a computer in a mobile phone seems in position to merge a microwave with a PC. But mobile phones can now send e-mail—so you can take a picture of your dog playing in the park, then dispatch an e-mail copy for their grandpa to download.

At the same time, we've stopped making much noise about the manner in which the pace of change is accelerating. Not so long ago, you were at the cutting edge if you used special money for a high-speed Internet connection at home. That's now common place, and is useful in which wireless communication is the norm isn't far away. Until fairly recently, more than 90 per cent of mail sent to this magazine arrived via traditional

post, now, that same percentage of letters to the editor comes via e-mail. (And, for those who like a growing amount of spam.)

Two of our editors this week discuss, in quite different ways, other developments in technological evolution. Sue Ferguson's cover package on changes in the way children are taught school, among other things, on the debate among educators, parents and governments over the use of computers in the classroom. Everyone, Ferguson writes, agrees with the goal of making our kids "ripe for our knowledge society, our power army and trust." But even in a variety of levels of government, have made great efforts to bring computers into classrooms. Ferguson says education emphasizes that "having the computer doesn't mean much if you don't use them anyway"—and that's where disagreements begin.

Meanwhile, you won't read about technology in Special Correspondent Alexandre Trudeau's last installment of his three-part series on Liberal—but it played a key role in his efforts. Just one of the many logistical problems faced in his travels is the absence of the high-speed access lines needed to file stories. Instead, he cautions of the newest innovation in communications—underwater about the size of a hairbrush: that lets the user transmit via a satellite network from remote locations with no infrastructure. The modern way works in undersea and, for technical reasons too complex to get into, doesn't work in North America at all. The moral logic, in short, doesn't apply. So perhaps there's a future for that computer keyboard on your son's after all.

rwilsonsmith@maclean's.ca to comment on the editor's letter.

MACLEAN'S

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'Peter C. Newman's article "Cruising to the max" (Aug. 25) motivated me so much I took my Eat the Rich T-shirt out of mothballs. Keep up the good work!' — ED MCGEE, BIRK, AB

Letters to the Editor www.macleans.ca/editorial/letters

Counting our blessings

Bevo to Alexander Trudeau for writing about his experiences getting into Liberia ("The worst place on earth," 1 Liberia, Sept. 8). His report should make all Canadians realize just how much they take for granted in our wonderful country. Stop crying about the weather, about traffic, about power blackouts, about every little thing. And start celebrating that beautiful country and what it offers us: freedom, opportunity and a decent quality of life. We are not perfect and much work still needs to be done. However, Trudeau's moving report shows us that in Canada, for the most part, we are a whole lot better off than others. Peter Hantakos, Toronto

I very much enjoyed Alexandre Trudeau's report, but three things came to mind: (1) Is he immune? What exactly is he doing there? (2) Trudeau's report is paying him an awful lot of money! (3) His poor mother, who would be sick if he were any less. I am rather sick with the thought that he could have been killed for a story. I read over my breakfast and eventually put the recycling bin. I look forward to his next exclusive report and sincerely hope his life will not be endangered by what appears to be the lowest form of human life. But I do not for one moment believe it is worth it. Diana McCallum, Burnaby, B.C.

Reach for the top

I find a serious deficiency in your choice of young Canadian leaders in writing ("Hot and cold," Cover, Sept. 8). Of the 58 future captains of our country, 32, or 55 per cent, are in the sports and entertainment fields. Where are the teachers, engineers and industrialists of tomorrow, who should make up at least 98 per cent of any list? Or do you really believe that achievement is our most important concern? Art Laskow, Vancouver

Upload your magazine for viewing as the talented individuals who are leading the nation, but what about the rest of us? Large



Young rebel fighters strike a pose in Liberia

below the poverty line, more people sleep on the streets of our major cities, and access to health and education has been severely restricted. Yet, in all this time, there's been hardly a whisper from the press. Perhaps Christians don't have a home in society as it is when they find two people who love each other, they'd have a legitimate outlet for their July outrage.

Tim Pettsdale, Steinbach, Man.

I am really disgusted, appalled, disgusted and perplexed with the way our country is being governed. I can remember when it was an honour to sing O Canada and recite the Lord's Prayer. Now with this last legislation the government is trying to faint upon us, I wouldn't be a bit surprised that in due time the Calgary Stampede Queen turns out to be a guy.

Orville Kape, Medicine Hat, Alta.

All I have to say is people who oppose same-sex marriage are: How dare you, as Canadians, live freely under the protection of our constitutional rights, turn around and say to a minority group that they cannot have the same rights, simply because you don't agree with their lifestyle?

Shaneen McAllister, Guelph, Ont.

I must say it brought a smile to my face to read the stories on approved ratings for gay marriage. Basically, they broke down in younger, better-educated, more successful people, approving, and older, less-educated and poorer people disapproving. Obviously that does not speak for everyone in those demographics, but it's nice to know that closed-minded people are a dying breed.

Steve Newman, Victoria, B.C.

Wanted: goodwill

E.J. Watt began his letter about the black-out in Ontario with, "So the power went off for a while." ("Power struggle," The Mac, Sept. 8). Maybe he is not aware that the power was out in some areas in Ontario for three days. I was visiting my family in Windsor at the time. Sure, it came back on 24 hours later, but there were magics there as well as in the B.C. this. An entire block was destroyed by a fire in Windsor. Ward states that grocery stores in B.C. lost their perishable inventory, same thing is Ontario. Nursing homes were evacuated in

Ontario, too, and I suspect it was no fun being trapped in a completely dark and unbearably hot elevator. Alberta's sometimes wonderful way Eastern Canada ignores us. All they have to do is read Ward's letter and they will get their answer.

David McHemery, Calgary

Chic pride

Re your article titled "Style" (The Week, Sept. 13), North Bloorfield condemned all sorts and cast all guidelines required by Stakindashow Enfranchisement in 2001. It was the province, not the city, that built the water treatment plant in the 1990s down stream of the city's sewage treatment plant. Wayne Ray, Mayne, North Bloorfield, Ont.

Diamonds are forever

I thoroughly enjoyed Katherine MacLennan's "Diamonds with an edge" (Business, Sept. 8). Not only was it beautifully written, but it addressed a subject I was wondering about: how Canadian diamonds compare to others in the world. Obviously, we could. Deborah Walker, Toronto, Ont.

Although generally very informative and well researched, your article on diamonds contains an error. At a young field geologist in 1992, I was not involved in the negotiations between Alter Resources Ltd. and Rio Tinto plc concerning the formation of the Diavik North Venture. Those negotiations were carried out by Alter's current president and CEO, Bob Gauvreau, and company founder and honorary chairman, Garry Thomas.

Eric Thomas, West Vancouver, B.C.

Mystery man

Who is this Bruce D. Johnson? His essay ("Confessions of a critic," Sept. 8) was as insightful, laugh-out-loud funny and honest. He didn't dumb down the vagueness of grey reality into the black and white. And those turns of phrase, such as, "It was like revising a regretable one-night stand," and "the film continues to develop, like a photograph enlarging in the darkness of the mind's eye." Look forward to reading more of his work.

Jack Taylor, Toronto

Deficit-free funding

We were surprised that Mary Jurek made a link between our proposals and deficits

framework. The clear intention here was that our proposals would not return Canada to a cycle of deficits. Our proposals target low- and middle-income working families, particularly because we add an earned income tax credit to the child allowance for these families. These policies are clear and easily understood.

Philip Morrisas and Pierre Letellier, University of Quebec à Montréal



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MACLEAN'S BEHIND THE SCENES



DISPATCHES FROM THE WEB

There's always something new at Macleans.ca, says On-line Editor Derek Chezal (below right).

Following the success of our popular Question of the Week and Photo Gallery segments, the culture section was recently expanded to include a books page that boasts many new features.

Maclean's readers will now find an archive of book reviews and author profiles from previous issues. We're also adding new stories and features that you won't find in the pages of the magazine.

But perhaps the most exciting development is the opportunity for Maclear's readers to become part of the process. If you enjoy discussing books and talking about hidden gems, you'll definitely want to keep coming back. Every month we'll feature a different book for you to review and discuss with other readers on our Web site. We're also inviting you to help us choose the first book for review. All the details are available at www.maclears.ca/books.

Log on to the site today for an interview with author Neil Gaiman, this year's recipient of the Hugo Award for best science fiction novella. In it, Gaiman discusses the impact of the Harry Potter books on children's literature. Bethesda also offers his thoughts on the science fiction genre after attending the recent Hugo Awards show. And we've posted the list of 2003 Hugo winners on our new awards page.

And while you're visiting, take a few minutes to view pictures from the red carpet taken at this year's Toronto International Film Festival in our Photo Gallery section. See you on-line.

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Performance issues in our previous performance results of October 1, 2004 (see [here](#) and [here](#)) and October 14, 2004 (see [here](#) and [here](#)) have been resolved. However, we are still experiencing performance issues with our new system. Specifically, we are experiencing significant delays in the processing of new and renewal applications. We are currently investigating the cause of these delays and will provide an update when we have more information.

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THE WEEK



Middle East: Israel takes a hard line against Yasser Arafat

Palestinian Prime Minister Mahmoud Abbas quit in frustration after only 130 days on the job. His successor, Ahmed Qurea, may not last even that long. Queen's appointment by Palestinian Authority President Yasser Arafat coincided with another series of bloody attacks by both Israelis and Palestinians. And before he new PM could form an emergency government, he was assassinated. And before the new PM could form an emergency government, he was assassinated. The Israeli government, instead, issued a statement saying it would remove Arafat from Palestinian territory, claiming he was behind some of the terrorist attacks. "The events of these last few days," the statement said, "have proved again that Yasser Arafat is an absolute obstacle to all attempts at peace and justice between the Israelis and the Palestinians." Arafat was gleefully defiant. "No-one can sack me out," he told reporters, concerning a rally outside his compound in Ramallah. "They can

kill me with bombs, but I will not leave."

Some on the Israeli right thought the government's plan didn't go far enough. As editorials in the Jerusalem Post declared it was time to kill Arafat. Internationally, though, reaction to the Israeli plan ranged from concern to condemnation and fees that often paid to oust the 74-year-old leader will turn him into more of a hero among adherents. In fact, many in the crowd that gathered outside Arafat's compound after Israel's announcement vowed they would give their lives to protect their leader from attack. The United States and Europe, meanwhile, asked Israel to consider "urgently" not to allow justified anger at the continuing violence to lead to action that will undermine both the peace process and Israel's own interests."British Foreign Secretary Jack Straw and



After 130 days Arafat was out, as new violence shook the troubled region

ScoreCard

1. Stephen Harper: Canadian prime minister and U.S. cheerleader, since Canada's entry to Iraq has been steady and calibrated. Why stop there? Make U.S. embassies to Canada have inside of Foreign Affairs—so orders from White House arrive unfiltered.

2. Pierre (Bob) Trudeau: Canadian prime minister after 10:30 PM PET international in descending for hard-core negotiations. No one has right on that but Mr. Trudeau.

3. Charles McKeley: Shan himself or firefighter from New York to parents' home in Texas is strengthened by the love—but could break out of disrupt operations. Sprint Delivery in wireless could have best roaming class on west U.S. airlines.

4. Marco Belotti: Italian prime minister, though going after 72-year-old general and a 13-year-old girl. Far enough, but parents suffering mental abuse might consider action of their own. There is no room for coexisting libertines.

5. Martha Stewart: Inhabited with dive down with Canada with Sears and the rest of the household goods. Sears expect \$300 million in sales within three years. Obviously has invincibility, unless removed in prison fine.

Quote of the week: "We must kill Yasser Arafat, because the world leaves us no alternative." JERUSALEM POST EDITORIAL, in which the Israeli black-owned daily newspaper claims that Israel should assassinate the Palestinian leader because "there is no point in taking half measures."

Source: Nielsen/NetRatings, 2002. © 2002 TIME INC.

WORLD

IRAQ U.S. forces killed eight Iraqi police and a junction security guard who had mistakenly run through a U.S. checkpoint in Fallujah, a city 50 km west of Baghdad that has remained loyal to Saddam Hussein. It was the deadliest friendly fire incident since major combat was declared over May 1.

In Britain, a parliamentary panel cleared Tony Blair's government of overstating the case for war against Iraq. But it was critical of other aspects of the government's behavior, including the fact that Defense Secretary Geoff Hoon had lied in his testimony to reveal top-grade staff details about claims in a vital dossier.

HEAT WAVE France, heatedly enraged by alleged racism during the August heat wave that killed nearly 15,000 in that country, announced US\$1748 million in extra funding for emergency services.

Italy released media official figures, saying 4,125 people, most of them elderly, died as a result of the soaring temperatures.

IRAN The UN's nuclear watchdog passed a US-backed resolution to give Iran until Oct. 31 to shut down a uranium-enrichment facility—and demanded it not secretly develop nuclear weapons.

SANCTIONS The UN voted to formally lift sanctions against Libya. They were suspended in 1993 after the North African nation handed over two of its citizens, wanted for the killing of a Pan Am jet over Lockerbie, Scotland, in 1988. France abstained, withdrawing its threat to veto the resolution after reaching a compromise deal last week with Libya in a separate air base bombing.

ANNIVERSARY Chile had its own Sept. 11 memorial—marking the 30th anniversary of the military coup led by Gen. Augusto Pinochet that toppled Marxist president Salvador Allende. While most of the ceremonies marking the enormous peasant, one in Santiago left 24 police officers wounded and 300 demonstrators in jail.

SARS Singapore became the first country to confirm a new case of SARS since the WHO declared the outbreak over in July.



REMEMBRANCE Americans gathered at the site of World Trade Center and elsewhere to mourn those who perished two years ago in the terrorist attacks of Sept. 11. The anniversary also brought a chilling new tape from al-Qaeda, showing Osama bin Laden walking in the mountains of what is believed to be the Pakistani-Afghan border area, while a voiceover warns of even greater attacks to come.

RELIGION Concern over John Paul II's failing health increased when the pontiff's papal media speech was giving in Slovakia, then had to stop only minutes into his address. The 83-year-old Pope suffers from Parkinson's disease and crippling arthritis.

IMPRISONED Former Enron Corp. treasurer Ben Glass, 37, headed off for a five-year term in a Texas prison, the first executive from the scandal enraged down to do time. He likely won't be the last.

DEMOCRACY Former rebel leader Paulino Santos was sworn in as Bolivia's president, the nation's first popularly elected leader since the 1994 genocide that resulted in the deaths of more than 500,000 people.

SCIENCE Authors of a new report predict mass extinctions within decades because hundreds of endangered species of animals live in natural habitats that are being de-

stroyed, in a process so severe it's virtually useless for conservation.

Researchers at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology cooled sodium gas to the lowest temperature ever recorded, a half-billionth of a degree above absolute zero.

SHUTTLE NASA and the wreckage of the space shuttle Columbia will be stored on the 16th floor of the same Cape Canaveral building where the space agency prepared for the doomed flight. NASA officials said it is not clear when shuttle flights might resume.

CANADA

POLITICS The increasingly nasty Ontario election campaign took a bizarre turn when a Tory news release e-mailed to reporters labelled Liberal Leader Dalton McGuinty "an evil reptilian lizard-eater from another planet." Premier Ernie Eves, blaring the

statement on a coffee-blazed staffer with a weird sense of humor, acknowledged it was "over the top," but didn't apologize—and didn't retract it.

INQUIRY A judicial inquiry, called 13 years after the frozen body of a 17-year-old Aboriginal was found on the outskirts of Sudbury, finally got underway. It will try to determine the circumstances that led to Bell Senechal's death, and the conduct of the police investigation that followed. Senechal's family has long suspected he died as a result of police foul play; police ruled the death accidental.

BLACKOUT The joint U.S.-Canada Power Outage Task Force confirmed that the massive Aug. 14 outage began in Ohio, but has so far not determined specific causes or triggered events.

TORTURE Now that he's safely in Britain, Canadian William Simpson says he was tortured repeatedly during his 2½ years in a Saudi Arabian jail. Saudi authorities deny the accusation, and Ottawa has urged talk to end the Saudi ambassador.

B.C. JUSTICE The Crown's case witness at the Air India trial, Lalender Singh Bedi, offered so much extraordinary evidence that the public gallery gaped in disbelief—and the prosecutor asked for permission to treat him as a hostile witness.

A court date for Robert Pelton, charged

BY GREGORY MCKEE

IMAGINE AN ELECTION CAMPAIGN WITHOUT ATTACK ABS...



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efterkillet.

week for talk on the invasion of Afghanistan. Michael Ignatieff, a key figure in the U.S.-led war on terror, will also address the Canadian Institute of Strategic Studies—a major coup for the think tank.

HELL'S ANGELS Inverness was hailed as a breakthrough in the fight against organized crime, nine men being tried in Montreal on 13 first-degree murder charges pleaded guilty to lesser charges of conspiracy to commit murder, drug trafficking and being a member of a criminal gang. The nine were either Hells Angels members, or associates of the gang.

MURKIN McClelland and Storaro announced that they had reached an agreement with Brian Mulroney to publish his memoirs in the fall of 2005. The publisher would also divide the amount of money the former prime minister will be paid.

AN ACCIDENT? Ten people died in two plane crashes in northern Ontario. In one, a single-engine aircraft went down about 500 km north of Thunder Bay, killing eight, while two people died when a plane en route from Winnipeg to Thunder Bay crashed near Kenora.

BUSINESS The United States sought an injunction to prevent a pharmacy group with operations on both sides of the border from selling discounted Canadian prescription drugs in the U.S. According to Washington, the practice "poses significant risks to the public health."

The fact that Air Canada is in bankruptcy protection didn't stop one of the world's largest aircraft makers from going after a piece of a projected \$3-billion order from the struggling airline. Air Canada wants to buy up to 180 aircraft to expand its regional services, the only growing segment of the industry. Meanwhile, the airline asked a judge to set a Nov. 15 deadline for all its creditors to submit their claims. Setting that would be the last step in the carrier's restructuring.

In what could be the biggest-ever foreign takeover of a French company, pharmaceuticals maker Pfenix argued its shareholders to accept Alcon's \$6-billion cash-and-stock takeover bid. The deal, which may still fall apart with European antitrust officials, would make Montreal-based Alcon the world's largest eyewear producer.

Mansbridge on the Record



MARTIN'S CHATROOM

No one can say Paul Martin doesn't listen to others. That may be a problem

THERE ARE inner circles and then there is Paul Martin's inner circle.

No one will ever accuse him of making big decisions while cloistered in usual surroundings: only one or two key advisors. Now, when Paul Martin gathers his brain trust, they need a big venue: some 110 people joke that a core of 24 in one of those rooms would only be good enough for one round.

At different points during the summer, I chatted with some of these insiders about their views. Those are people who have known Martin for years: some worked for him in the private sector, some in government, and some in the backrooms that generate political power. They don't just situate him: most would walk off buildings to protect him. They're true believers, and part of their belief is that he's absolutely earned the right to be the next leader of the Liberal party and the next prime minister.

But—what kind of PM would he be? A month ago, this magazine had a cover package asking that very question, and we all learned a little more about Martin by reading it. So during the holidays, I asked one of the inner circle the same question, fully expecting the kind of predictable answer you'd expect from a dove: I was wrong. There was a long pause, then these words tumbled out: "I'm not sure."

Now, this was not an unusual response. It was, instead, based on the fact that some around him worry that the announced one has a problem that may very well haunt him. He spends a lot of time—some say far too much time—making decisions. The source about his merrymaking and self-focus are legend—especially about the budget-making process. About how decisions would be held over and over again to debate policy alternatives and fiscal measures; how ideas and minor blemishes would be called home to review, yet again, a budget speech just hours before it was to be delivered; how some of these players would stare at a charting

phone on a Sunday night and consider leaving uninvited, knowing that it was going to mean hours of more work.

None of that is necessarily bad, but making a budget isn't the same as running a government. The following sounds unfair, but those who have been with the job agree it's basically true: when you're finance minister, you have just two big events in the year—an economic statement (and budget update) and the budget itself. The rest of the time, you can often get away with saying, "Sorry, we're not for the budget."

This doesn't work when you're responsible for everything, and Paul Martin will almost certainly be in that position very soon. And when he is, he needs to make decisions with sometimes come fast and furious. Some early issues are predictable, and the outcomes are probably already known. That includes matters such as who to put in the cabinet and in what portfolio, what to do with those who opposed you, namely Sheila Copps and John McCallum, perhaps even when to call the next election. But others aren't so obvious, ranging from the unanticipated to someunnerunning, to what to do about free, to the city of gritty, referring Parkhurst. The thoughts of long nights to be spent debating, and debating, and debating those even already dancing at the heart of those who would be in the room.

In 1979, Pierre Trudeau ran a campaign on the slogan "A Leader Must Be a Leader." Even though he lost that election, the slogan was adopted a winner in political circles because of its simplicity and power of a wise but firm hand.

Paul Martin has proven in the past that he gets the leadership job, but is this different when you're in the keying, leadership position one, and perhaps should be lonely? He'll soon find out just how lonely.

Peter Mansbridge is Chief Correspondent of CBC Television News and Anchor of *The Ascent*. He can be reached at peter.mansbridge@cbc.ca

Passages

DEID Leni Riefenstahl's art was overshadowed by her association with the Third Reich and friendship with Adolf Hitler, even though she was an innovative and talented filmmaker and photographer. While her movie *Triumph of the Will*—a 1934 documentary of Nazi rally in Nuremberg—won awards in Paris and Venice, Riefenstahl was later condemned for what people saw as her support of fascism. Riefenstahl, 101, died in Berlin.

DEID Edward Teller, one of the architects of the hydrogen bomb, was a strong proponent of the Star Wars missile defense system. In the 1950s, he recruited his former boss and director of the Manhattan Project, Robert Oppenheimer, for stalled the bomb's development and effectively destroying Oppenheimer's career. Teller, 85, died of a stroke at his home in California.

DEID Eccentric Montreal strongman Anatoli Banchikov, a.k.a. the Great Antonio (a six-foot-four-inch, 450-lbmeeter wrestler) was renowned for feats of strength. He also appeared in films like *Queen for a Day* and *The Adjustable Spanner*. Banchikov, 77, died of a heart attack in Montreal.

DEID At 69, Maureen Stewart Strick made history last week when she became the all-time champion in USG's championships. The Utica, Ont., golfer nabbed the U.S. Senior Women's Amateur title and is also believed to be the first person to win national championships in six consecutive decades.

RETIED After 20 years in the NHL—six with the Toronto Maple Leafs—Dano Givens, 46, announced he won't return due to a knee injury. Givens, from Kincardine, Ont., scored a total of 530 goals and 1,095 assists, and won the 1989 Stanley Cup with Calgary.

DEID John Ritter, the sonofcountry-music legend Tex Ritter, was best known for his role in the popular sitcom *Three's Company*. Ritter was filming his last but certainly show, *Simple Rules for Dating My Teenaged Daughter*, when he died of a dissection of the aorta. He was 54.



WHEN IT BECOMES CLEAR THAT NO ONE ELSE SHARES
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Politics | Back to work

Causal observers of federal politics might be forgiven for thinking there is just one item on the agenda for the fall parliamentary session that gets underway this week: same-sex marriage. And there's no denying the issue will generate a lot of noise as the House resumes after summer break, likely starting with a motion from the Canadian Alliance asking MPs from all parties to vote to do whatever it takes to preserve the traditional one man and one woman marriage definition. But leadership on this file, arguably has already passed beyond the reach of the elected parliament. The courts have ruled in favour of gay marriage in Ontario, British Columbia and Quebec, and there's no reason to expect the Supreme Court of Canada to overturn them. That means Parliament would have to use the so-called standing clause of the Charter of Rights and Freedoms to overturn the decision.

That doesn't mean the upsurge over the government's proposed law to rewrite the definition of marriage in law will be uncontested.

In fact, it fits thematically with a spate of Liberal legislation that seems designed to honour a vision of Canada increasingly absent from George W. Bush's United States. There's the controversial reproductive technology bill, which would allow embryonic stem-cell research of the sort that's denied federal funding in the U.S. Anti-abortion MPs on both sides of the House oppose it, but government insiders say it stands a reasonable chance of passing during this session. Then there's the bill to decriminalize possession of small amounts of marijuana, a move at odds

with Washington's wife-on-drugs ordinance. However, the Canadian Reform bill doesn't give much chance of getting through Parliament this year, suggesting it might be left over for an eventual Paul Martin government.

Speaking of the next regime, one bill all but guaranteed to get speedy attention is the one to re-elect the House seats, adding two new ones each in British Columbia and Alberta and three in Ontario. That law has to be passed by mid-October to allow an election to be called next spring—the best guess on when the Martin-led Liberals will want to go to the voters. But for now, Jean Chretien is still prime minister, and the last key component of his legacy pledge on ethics, a bill to create a new ethics committee, is also a safe bet to get through the House this fall. A little scratching at the old guard, a little something to make way for the new.

JOHN GEDDES

Something from the old guard, and something to make way for the new



THE ABCs OF CLASSROOM **FUN**

SUE FERGUSON explores fresh ways of inspiring kids

Gresham Public School students in Toronto show work created in an art-enriched program

I HATE THE TIMES TABLE. It's a sentence many kids can identify with—one that makes teaching the math building block a deadly task. But when one fourth grader blurts out these words in his Calgary classroom, singer-songwriter Peggy Ward was thrilled. "Not all right!" she says, recalling her 1998 experience watching the same table. "Now we have a real place to start—assessment of truth." Encouraged, the student added, "I think the teacher made them up to torture us." At that, Ward began strumming her guitar and singing. *I Hate math, it gives me the blues!* has since sold, *How bad is my handwriting?* and *How bad is my spelling?* Ward, 35, is a former teacher who now tours Canada, bringing her songs to schools. "I think the teacher made them up to torture us," she says. "With the kids clearly hooked, Ward shifted to a mackerel beat, and the group sang out the *no-times-table* table as their regular teacher wrote the answers on the board. When the children finished, they'd jump up and sing a rhyme of their own. *It's times eight is 40,000, I know this, when I graduate,* sings Ward by way of example.

The trick, she says, is getting past the fear. "When kids say they hate something, it's really that they're afraid—afraid to fail, that somebody will make fun of them, that they're stupid. It's easier to say they hate it, to put up a wall." Brining the times table breakthrough that Ward. The class learned multiplication. The singer and the teacher found a great way to get kids fired up about math. And the child who started the whole thing? Although once at risk of failing, he passed. *Passing*, of course, is the name of the game. But parents also want their children to *achieve* school, to develop a love of learning. Luckily, those two things are, as researchers like to say, positively correlated: kids who are turned on by school tend to do well. "It's about joy," says Queen's University professor Rams Ursini, who has co-authored a study of strategies toward learning among 6,635 elementary schoolers. "Joy is good as achievement." So, how do you make learning fun? And so, what's the answer to that question corrodes dominant trends in Canadian education in the past decade?

In the 1990s, a back-to-basics mantra rippled through provincial education ministries and departments. To many concerned about Canadian students' soaring poorly on international tests—and the perception that kids were leaving the system without having mastered the basics—officials designed

WITH ARTS-DRIVEN learning, says an official, 'you have engaged students producing work they can be proud of'



Katy Chevalier of Windsor made quilt art for a school studies unit on pirates.

more rigorous elementary school curricula, with a heavy emphasis on "foundational" subjects—math, science and language arts (reading and writing). In the context of budget cuts and making schools according to their performance in standardized tests, school boards found themselves in a tight spot. Among the first things to go were the so-called extras: art, music, drama, home economics and industrial arts classes. In many communities, "specialist teachers" of these subjects are now a thing of the past, in others, they wait for the bus.

A different specialist, however, has since stepped onto the scene, the computer teacher. In 1993, the federal government made a generous—and costly—offer to work with the private sector and the provinces toward equipping every classroom with computers and Internet access. The intended upshot of all these changes? Canadian students would be ripe for knowledge society, computer savvy and smart.

No one argues with that goal. But they do debate strategy. The success of innovative programs in a sprinkling of schools across Canada—like the Calgary Arts Partners in Education Society (CAPES), which brought on folklorist Wendy to teach math—suggests curriculum reform and technology may not be the panacea many purport them to be. Rather, a child's capacity to learn may depend less on fine-tuning what's being taught than how it's taught. In Canada, having the computers doesn't mean much if you don't use them creatively. Some provinces are re-jigging their educational models in light of such research. But first, the question remains: if more rigorous curricula and standardized tests take the fun and excitement out of learning, are schools presenting fails from making their potential? The belief that kids were being cheated out

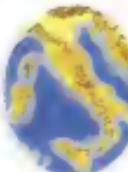
of enriched learning opportunities is one of the things that led Calgary artists, parents and educators to form CAPES in 1994. It was also a catalyst for both ArtsEd and Learning Through the Arts (LTAA), two national organizations also promoting collaboration between classrooms, teachers and artists. "It's not that the arts were peripheral," says Angela Blaw, LTAA executive director. "We wanted to find a way to bring creativity and imaginative thinking into the core of the curriculum—to demonstrate that the arts are powerful." But the reason that the program's artists are not substitutes for specialist teachers. In fact, the artists teach non-arts subjects, and the program aims to "make the arts seep into the curriculum that there's no way you can cut it."

That cutting strategy seems to work: over the three years of the Quebec study, all 33 LTAA schools involved in the study pegged spending priorities in order to extensive after-school specialist teachers. And some of the

'WHEN I GET UP and do something, I learn better,' says Windsor, Ont., student Ramit Saraswat. 'I don't like to sit there. It kinda gets boring.'

HOW TO EAT A PIZZA.

(THE SAP WAY)



1 Fly to Italy. 2 Find a team of old country documents to research possible toppings. 3 Choose toppings. 4 Initiate search for the region's most portable documents. 5 Arrive in Pisa. 6 Identify firm outside Corinto. 7 Discover rough-taste mushrooms are actually served at the Pizzocaro family restaurant. In the United States, 7 Fly home. 8 Take home restaurant (Consultant will need a few). 9 Quality procure eight portable mushrooms, halve the pizza base. 10 Refrigerate mushrooms at 10 degrees, with humidity at 80 percent. 11 Do not wash or soak mushrooms, even though they turn slimy if you want to touch. 12 Remove mushrooms with a quick went to 100 percent moisture of four weeks, and a period of yeast together to create a soft dough. 13 Let dough rise. 14 Time dough preparation to coincide with oven-cooking schedule that consultants do not provide. 15 Fly home for quality-mushrooms delivery. 16 Heat oven to 400 degrees. 17 Place one tablespoon of olive oil in heating pan, and arrange mushrooms, cap side up. 18 Drain mushrooms with blotters, refrigerate, and heat. 19 Season with salt and pepper. 20 Scatter mushrooms and oil over mushrooms and cover with foil. 21 Transfer to oven, and heat until mushrooms are soft and creamy throughout. 22 Bring a large pot of water to a boil. 23 Add flour, salt, and yeast until well mixed. 24 Remove from heat, drain and transfer to a bowl of cold water. 25 When cool, stir and pat dry. 26 Heat one tablespoon of oil in a large sauté pan over medium heat. 26. Add sliced garlic and cook until fragrant. 27 Add blanched bread oil, red pepper flakes, and sautéing onions. 28. Remove from heat and let cool. 29. Remove flour from bowl and return to the bowl, and return to cool for 10 minutes. 20. Add one tablespoon of olive oil to dough. 31 Add another pinch of cherry-chili and basil. 32. Seal (optional: shaking pen often) and committee pull out. 33. Add another tablespoon of olive oil to dough. 34. Add yeast. 35. Cover until proofed about 10 to 12 hours. 36. Remove pen from heat and set aside. 37. Pat dough into circle and press into pizza pan. 38. Remove mushrooms from oven, and arrange on serving platter. 39. Place side by side. 40. Arrange mushrooms on mushrooms as desired. 40. Add toppings: mushrooms, bread oil, and mushrooms on dough. 41. Want to add pepperoni? Sorry, that edge doesn't allow for changes. 42. Bake for 15 minutes. Then melt cheese by placing the pizza under the broiler. 43. Roll out dough, weighing multiple options about how to measure "done." 44. Drizzle mushrooms passes with olive oil, and serve immediately. 45. Discover your guests have left to feed themselves.

HOW TO EAT A PIZZA.

(THE ACCPAC WAY)



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Cover | 3

IF MORE RIGOROUS
curricula and
standardized tests take
the excitement out
of learning, are schools
preventing kids from
realizing their
potential?

arts-driven programs" biggest fail are administrators. "ArtsSmarts means all of the criteria I would normally look at is an *execution*," says Jim Hobbs, assistant director general with the Ryerson School Board in Montreal's south shore. "You have busy, engaged students making decisions, producing something they can be proud of."

It's hard not to agree with that assessment when you consider an arts-down program in action. Bright scraps of fabric and lace, gingham, a trunk at the front of Mary Beth Johnson's Windsor, Ont., classroom set a Thursday afternoon. One girl has a headband, LTA student Margaret Adams has the first grade fabric at Roseau Public School for the scraps into paper squares which are then glued to create a "quilt." Later, the kids listen closely as one elementary grade student has composed an Irish lullaby, evoked by a nursery landscape, American Canada. The mother of the child, died, and is buried, wrapped in a quilt. A traditional Irish family members make a new quilt that surrounds them of their mom.

Johnson and Johnson then prompt the children to review what they've learned. From the comments, it's clear this has been more than just a social studies unit as pictures have also served as models for letter writing, and a chance to develop language skills. Johnson, a 32-year veteran of teaching, acknowledges the kids have absorbed the material: "They aren't forgetful," she says. "They're retaining these lessons." Her eight-year-old students know what she means: "When I get up and do something, I learn better," says Ramona Saseen. "I don't like to sit there. It's boring," says her friend, Danielle Dylan. Johnson adds, "You have to sit still to learn and sit still." ■

The kids have fun and, it turns out, learn more. Ugilti and fellow Queen's education professor Katherine Smithson began tracking elementary students across the country in 1999. Last November they reported on a cohort of 1,300 Grade 6 students. This



Children with no Please enter. In 4 years old, One in 1000000 to the children

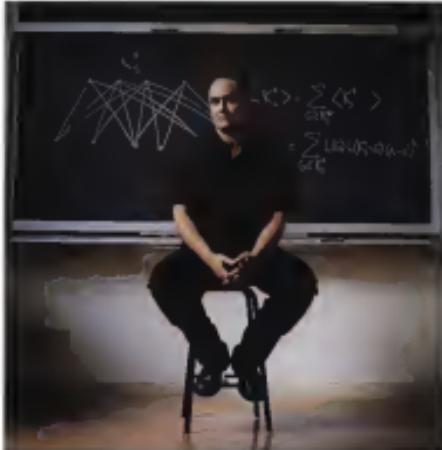
at LTGA schools scored 11 percentile points higher in arithmetic than the control group. It's too early to say if the better math scores will stick, Upton acknowledges, but one conclusion is irrefutable. "So when we're told schools can't offer arts programs because they have to focus on the math and science, our study showed in a huge way that's not correct," he says. "There is a synergistic effect."

You could put it down to chemistry, a certain connection between the artist and the student. "When you have a passion for something," says Annmarie Adams, national coordinator of ArtisticArts, "it's like off" - that's how she describes the connection between the arts and those who come to study them. "It's not that the arts doesn't have to come at the expense of other subjects," she says.

especially for slower learners, including those with developmental issues. Elster posits that these "selective notes"—children who are physically able to talk but choose not to—have spoken out during CTTA sessions. "Amnes allow the child in themselves to really show," she adds. "It's about authenticity and being respectful, relating on an equal level." And this chemistry can help teachers to see students in a new light. "It's a way of getting to know them," Elster says. "It's a way of quickly polarizing. So it's not surprising to see the less appealing of a group technology in the Quantis study. The 15 "technology-out" schools included in the control group fared no better than the reform-and-arts as well as the CTTA schools—in the achievement tests. "Boards have spent all this money introducing technology into classrooms,"

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THE MATH MOTIVATOR

"We'll look back on this as a dark age in education," says John Mighton, math scholar and founder of the educational charity, JUMP. He's also a math tutor who, with his non-profit organization, Junior Undiscovered Mathematical Prodigies (JUMP), has helped turn 1,000 one-time struggling kids into virtual math whizzes. Mighton, 45, attributes our pre-enlightenment state to a school culture that neglects what he calls the "psychological

aspect of learning"—that is, nurturing a child's confidence and excitement about school. In his recently published *The Myth of Ability* (University of Toronto Press), Mighton reveals the method that has worked so well for his students—but only after he takes schools to task for perpetuating the myth that some people are simply bad at math. And he cites himself as a prime example of the rotter's fallacy. A math teacher can't make it from an early age, he argues

to help boost math scores," says Ughrin. "Well, in this case, it didn't."

The federal spending, say critics, was premature. After ploughing through the numbers, Berne Froese-Germann, a researcher with the Canadian Teachers' Federation in Ottawa, concludes that "the jury is very much out" about whether computers help students learn. As well, the costs of maintaining and updating technology, and training teachers to use it competently, can be prohibitive. Federal figures aren't available, but in Alberta, for instance, the annual cost in 2001 ranged from \$1.76 to \$2.72 per elec-

tromechanics students—and jumped to a high of \$6.78 per high-school student. (UTPA typically costs \$60 per child, split between the school and UTPA. Annual costs are \$500 to \$15,000 per school.) "We're not schools that can easily take over full funding," says Ughrin.

Last year, three Saskatchewan teaching professionals launched a survey on technology. While almost all the 2,172 teachers who responded believe computers are helpful, a huge gulf exists between actual and potential use. More than half the teachers claimed proficiency in just six of 14 basic tools (such as e-mail and Internet searching).

In this dark age, says Mighton, we fail to nourish student confidence and excitement

out of calculus in university after getting a C, fail at 21, with several award-winning plays to his name and experience in a volunteer math tutor—yet to increase greater confidence—he tried again. Three years ago he got his B at the University of Toronto. Mighton believes they themselves have no math ability. Mighton is an intransigent, endorser of that attitude to struggling students. Meanwhile, our educational system assumes some students will inevitably do poorly or fail. But given a child's innate ability to learn, Mighton argues, success or math for all is a reachable goal—and low grades are best a failure to taste.

Mighton's pedagogy contains simple mechanical procedures—which involve breaking each function into its most rudimentary steps—with an ample dose of nurturing. Confidence and focus, he says, are most easily if a child is excited about learning. To spark that interest, he hands out work that's above grade level—a manageable challenge precisely because math functions can be broken down into simple steps. For a third grader to know she's working on a problem two grades above her level, he says, is a "huge motivator."

But children also want, need, positive reinforcement. "With children, the capacity to absorb knowledge cannot be separated from the capacity to be admired," he writes. Experience tells him this is still true of adult students. Finally, Mighton suggests, "no one can learn math without believing they can." And it's up to teachers to convey their confidence in students' abilities. "I've worked with UTPA very few remedial kids. And I can't count those they can't do it. How can he be so sure? 'Because I haven't seen one yet who hasn't.'"

THE JURY IS OUT
about the benefits
of computers,
whereas the costs
of maintaining and
updating technology
can be prohibitive

software called Knowledge Forum. Unlike the vast array of commercial educational software that comes packed with staff kids should know—often flashing video-game-style displays that can lead to fill-in-the-blanks—Knowledge Forum's interface is off and on-screen in a clean slate. The point is for students to construct their own "knowledge-building community," says one of its developers, Michael Scerifinalia. That is, the software prompts kids to express in text or images what they know—and more importantly—what they don't. It provides a way to represent their ideas and questions and then share files to build on their ideas with other kids and adults in the class, school or, via the Internet, around the world. The constructive feedback that can otherwise weeds out wrong or misleading ideas. The teacher is no longer the expert, but a facilitator, steering the process from the sidelines.

In fact, the computers in the Toronto private school seem almost underhanded. One bright morning, the lights in Richard Mensa's Grade 4 classroom are turned off, but the place hums with activity. Two girls fiddle with a couple of table lamps designed to illuminate plants in cardboard boxes. They rig green cellophane over one to filter out all but the green light waves. Some students are in the hall, checking out the way light refracts through a prism. Yet another is splashed on the floor, shining a light beam through plastic lenses onto a piece of paper. And then there are a half dozen kids sitting at their desks, scribbling in notebooks. Seven computers, for now at least, are the back wall.

The students are creating experiments they conceived and designed themselves. "They set the curriculum," says Mensa. "They set the curriculum," says Mensa.



Kids like Christopher Stucky help convince researchers that the cost-effective way to go

who launched the science unit by simply taking them what they'd like to know about light. After an initial discussion followed by some good-natured fiddling, the kids decided what to focus on. For Rajesh Parikh and Madeline Boddy, it's "what happens to a plant's colour when you only allow green light waves to reach it." Til Schweiger wants to know how glass lenses turned near-sightedness. Later, they all record their observations and theories on the computers, using Knowledge Forum software.

Encouraged to try out their ideas, students "have to be flexible," says Scerifinalia, a professor of education at the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education. Teachers, however, may feel a little uneasy: the software's open-endedness makes the program difficult to integrate with the set expectations of a government-mandated curriculum, although Knowledge Forum is used in about

130 public schools here and around the world. And parents may become a little queasy. "It can be terrifying," says Mensa. "You can't possibly be on top of it." That's because the children's questions tend to get increasingly sophisticated. He cites one that has him stumped: is zero an even or odd number? (Even, because it's evenly divisible by two.) But, he adds, the kids gain a deep understanding of the material.

In fact, Mensa push will go above the bar set by the province's curriculum. Six years ago, an ICS Grade 4 class using Knowledge Forum software observed giant Madagascar hissing cockroaches for a science unit. "The kids noticed that, when flipped onto their backs, the roaches quickly right themselves," says Bev Cowell, that class's teacher. "But over time, they were slower to right themselves—because, the students hypothesized, although Knowledge Forum is used in about

More advanced skills (e.g., spreadsheets and editing video) elude the vast majority. The reason? Lack of time and training. "It's not," says Wendy Jones, one of the survey's authors. "There's a strong desire, but no resources." The report suggests boards route 30 per cent of a school's technology budget to professional development, even if that means waiting longer to replace aging technology (typically renewed every three years).

THE KIDS at the Institute of Child Study know what to do with computers. Much of their curriculum revolves around unusual

WE RISK 'STERILIZING THE JOY OF LEARNING OUT OF SCHOOL,' says an education administrator. "We need to look at where the kids are in all this."



WHEN LEARNING TAKES OFF

You know the kids must be having a ball when the teacher is too. "We're so excited when I see what they're doing," says Debra McDonald of her Grade 5 class at Willowfield's Range Lake North School. "I have as much fun as they do." The fun is in making books, just this year alone. The "books"—some hand written and hand-illustrated books bound with a plastic cover—combine everything from reading, writing and oral studies to science and math, often combining two or three areas of study. In fact,

Amberly's "The Shark Book," for instance, is shark saves octopus from being eaten by a shark, but the story also incorporates facts about the sea creature's habitat, a math problem, and a glossary. "I like integration to the nth degree," she says. "It's the only way to cover all the curriculum demands."

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LUNCHROOM BEDLAM

At some schools, writes KATHERINE MACKLEM, kids eat in chaotic settings



Overhunted and noisy visitors mean that hawks often won't be interested.

I JOINED MY DAUGHTER at school last week for an after-school running club. It wasn't the feed, a roundie name sandwich-fruityogurt meal. Rather, the whole experience was bizarre—and now I understand why my dad's health often comes when unchallenged. The school health census shows children eat more for lunch, have calmer afternoons. Today's kids, roughly 65% of them from Grades 1 to 6, including my eight-year-old, eat together in the gym. Just before recess, they strength训练ly lunge down the stairs and through the doorway. As they enter the gym, a matresser stops each row to check for hair or nails on a roundabout stool, so children swell about in the hall, like bubbles of water. The matresser begins to grow and gets so loud he needs to go to a doctor's office.

friends the gen'rl's worse. With cement-block walls and a hardfloor, sound bounces

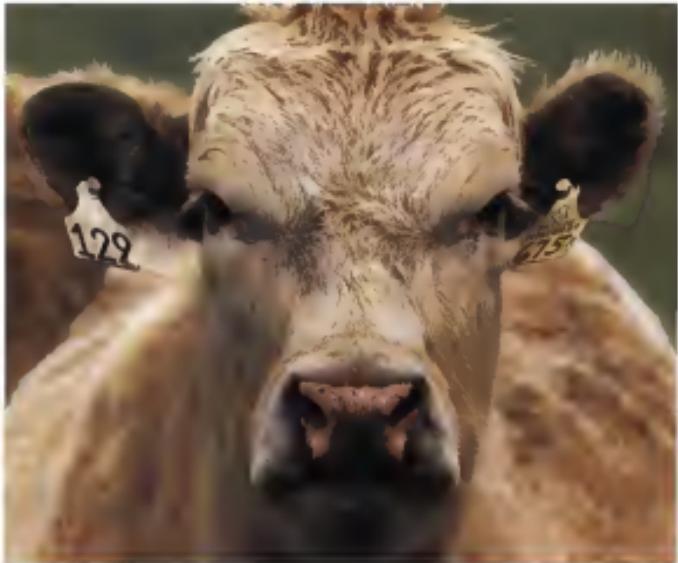
wishes—or to have their names before their cake. No one tells them they need to wipe their mouths, or to wash their hands.

Adding to the pressure is a tight schedule. Only 20 minutes after they arrived, the kids pack up their things and begin walking out, to leave enough time for cleanup before afternoon gym class. "How can you eat in there?" I yell at my daughter's friends. "WHAT?" they shout back in unison. "You get used to it," replies a nine-year-old. But by the end of lunch, all she's consumed from her well-stuffed bag is a yogurt drink. "I wasn't really hungry," she says.

As a society, we're concerned, recently, about kids who don't eat breakfast. Many Canadian schools have breakfast meals for secondary school students. But lunchtime is often a forgotten, chaotic period. Almost 30 years ago, the *Protestant* Court of Canada ruled that, *in principle*, a *Protestant* school board has a duty to care for children at school. Hence there, there's been an ongoing discussion—and it should continue—about what constitutes a caring environment. We already know that learning in an empty stomach doesn't work. But it's just as true in the afternoon, in the dormitory.

Yes, says dietitian Bessie Schwartz, author of *The Enlightened Eater's Whole Foods Guide*. Situations like my daughter's, when a child's taste buds are in overdrive, can trigger the adolescent-pickled response, which may cause the parenteralist to sit down closer, eating off feelings of hunger. A child who isn't feeling hungry won't choose nourishing food—he'll go for sweets instead. The blood sugar levels of children who don't eat a proper meal will, which can affect attention spans and cause kids to become agitated and irritable. And, says Schwartz, although a nutritious lunch can keep a child full for 2 to 3 hours, even if you're hungry, apples, carrots and grapes burn fast, take time to chew, and can leave a child feeling hungry again.

It's distressing for me to know that my daughter eats lunch—it doesn't—every day in this pressure cooker. For her, even though she may not recognize it, it's probably



MAD COW FOOT-DRAGGING

Ottawa has yet to act on the recommended BSE reforms, writes JOHN GEDDES

NEARLY FOUR years have passed since the discovery of a solitary case of mad cow disease threw Canada's beef business into turmoil, and what has changed? When it comes to the rules-torched at preventing the spread of bovine spongiform encephalopathy through tainted cattle feed, the answer is nothing. The regulations that were in place before the crisis remain untouched, even though federal officials admit they are clearly outdated. In June, an international team of experts asked by Ottawa to study the system proposed key reforms, and Agriculture

It took only one diseased animal to wreak havoc on the Canadian cattle industry.

Minister Lynda Vermette and Health Minister Anne McLellan promised a quick response. But as of last week, federal officials could only say that the panel's recommendations are still being reviewed—and the government refuses to be pushed into acting a terrible fix.

The go-slow approach might be unsurprising if Canada's existing safeguards were considered good enough. The main one is

a ban on feeding the rendered remains of cows, sheep and other mammals to, well, cows, sheep and other mammals. After that unnatural diet was found to be at the root of Britain's BSE epidemic, Canada and the U.S. moved together to outlaw the practice in 1997. Bone and meat meal made from cattle, however, is still allowed to be mixed into feed meant for other farm animals, such as pigs and chickens. That makes the possibility of feed getting mixed up—a serious risk flagged by both the international panel and the United Nations' Food and Agriculture



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Organization. But in 1997, when the regulations were put in place, along with an inspection regime to enforce them, BSE was still considered a remote risk in North America. "Now we're having to deal with a real life finding," Sergio Tolosa, feed program coordinator for the federal Canadian Food Inspection Agency, told Maclean's. "So we have to review what we're doing and perhaps make some changes."

As well, Canada has not yet acted on the panel's call for a total ban on the use of so-called specified risk materials in all animal feeds, such as bovine spinal cords and brains, the body parts most likely to be infected with BSE. (Ottawa bowed with high-profile reluctance that summer to human food products.)

Human, feed, animal and government officials are quick to claim that the risk of cross-contamination is small. But the margin of error when it comes to mad cow disease has to be exceedingly slim—given the enormous havoc wreaked by just one case. And that current rules are not always being followed. About 600 feed plants and 30 renderers are inspected once a year by Tolosa's agency. He said that in 1991-2002, the latest figures available, three per cent of the feed plants inspected were not in compliance with the random feed inspections. "We have found any uses of complete lack of control where people are willfully putting the wrong things in the wrong place," he said. "What sorts of violations are being discovered, other?" Tolosa put it this way: "There's human error, there's oversight, and there's perhaps a lack of understanding on the industry's part of what the expectations are."

Now does the beef industry know what to expect next? "Frankly, we'll really not see what direction the government wants to take," said Christine Moroz, general manager of the Animal Nutrition Association of Canada, which represents feed companies. As for the cattle farmers, their umbrella group, the Canadian Cattlemen's Association, argues the expert panel's recommendations would raise costs unnecessarily, and pleased Ottawa hasn't moved yet to implement them. "We're satisfied that they're not jumping too far ahead," said Tim McSweeney, the association's assistant manager. He urges Ottawa soon to give feed safety except in emergency with the United States. And with cattle production meeting tough regulations, federal politicians are sticking with the onus—their own officials admit need to be increased. ■

THE FARMERS GAMBLE

Is it better to sell cattle at a loss or keep them?



AUTUMN is a pivotal season for the cattle industry. It's when cow/calf operators usually ship cattle from their young animals, often sold again to processors. It's also the time when many ranchers choose to "sell"—the industry's polite term for slaughtering breeding cattle more than 30 months old to make room for younger animals. But this fall, the traditional rhythms have been sent askew by the fallout over one meat cow discovered in Alberta on May 1. With the usual autumn cattle market still slow to gather all the live cattle exports to welcome meat products from older animals, Canadian cattle prices are half of what they were just four months ago. Producers face an unpalatable choice: either dispense with their cattle now at fire-sale prices or try to wait out the border closure and incur the costs of keeping their animals alive through the winter.

Canada's beef industry has lost an estimated \$11 million a day in export sales since 24 countries sealed their borders in May. A host of relief came in August when the United States and Mexico, Canada's two largest customers, agreed to accept loose-lip steaks from cattle under 30 months of age—animals considered too young to contract mad cow disease. But the continuing ban on live animals is punishing: in 2002, Canada

with the border closed to live animals, there have been few happy days at fall auctions.

exported \$1.8 billion worth of live cattle, almost all of it to the U.S. Meanwhile, the slaughtering of older cows threatens to cause further backlog in the production cycle.

In response, some farm groups are pressing for a government-subsidized slaughter of more than 600,000 older cattle; in a worst-case scenario, some carcasses would simply be buried. But both the Canadian Cattlemen's Association and the Alberta Beef Producers, which together represent more than 100,000 cattle operators, reject that approach. Among other things, they fear the public would resent it at a time of mass cattle积聚.

With export bans likely to stay in effect for several more months, keeping the support of domestic customers is a top industry priority. When Britain and Japan imposed mad cow disease, consumers responded by dramatically cutting back on beef. By contrast, Canadians apparently convinced their best customers to eat purchased \$2 per-steak more last year, standard rates this July (that is, the same month last year). With such a sense of confidence, says Ross Ashton, general manager of the Alberta Cattle Producers' Association, "this industry would be dead by now."

BRUCE BENNETT

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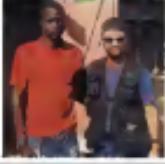
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YOUNG AND VERY DEADLY



LIBERIA'S ARMY of teenage soldiers is growing restless, writes ALEXANDRE TRUDEAU, and could soon wreak havoc once again on a nation still reeling from war



planned for 2005. Sri Lankan and government troops continue to fight in various parts of the country, even though their attacks have been mostly directed toward civilians. This non-compliance with the cease fire should not so much be taken as a sign of bad faith on the part of the armed factions, but points to a far more terrible reality about the war: legions of armed boys are ready to return to the battlefield in this conflict that has already claimed nearly 250,000 lives and nearly 1.5 million internally displaced persons.

I travel to the DLOM stronghold in the marshes, about 30 miles northwest of Mbarara, to spend time with the young fighters, where Liberia's future hangs. An old man called Mr. Babu when I met him at the airport agrees to take me there in his 1970 Peugeot. Babu is Buba. They are the wandering marshmen found everywhere in West Africa. They specialize in gemstones and jewellery, and claim to be descended from ancient Egyptian hardened who crossed the Sahara when it was still a land of great pastures. Making small talk, I ask Mr. Babu if he was a Liberian. "No way," he exclaims. "Blood-bred! If I had married a Liberian woman, I would be in the tree already."

Then, from his wallet, he draws a small photograph of a shy looking little woman with a headband. "This is my wife," Mr. Judy

Everyone is in Guinea now."

On our way to reuniting, we stop at Bushrod Island to make a courtesy call at the LURD Civilian Office. Al Huday Pofus is a LURD commander. He wears a blue polo shirt and aviator sunglasses. He leans back behind the desk in his office office, sporting a T-shirt that reads "We Want Peace." Pofus is a Mandingo and pretends to be a Maafu, but he has the air of a harsh, drinking, mercenary. He introduces us to one of his superiors, LURD's secretary general, Joe Ghali, a fierce-looking man who is a shadow in command of the rebels. Immediately Ghali is a Kibaru—a central character. He is happy that we will have a chance to see just how good things are in LURD-controlled Tumbuctu, and promises to connect us.

The way to Tshwaneburg is ridden with checkpoints, but the first three or four are released by Nigerian policemen who are part of an international force of 2,500 soldiers. They are there to prevent LURD rebels smuggling guns across the Po River into Monrovia. Civilians have set up an informal market along the road to sell peddled second goods, making the way to Tshwaneburg not another marred highway of death, but a fairly busy trading route with

Fighting is the capital (top left), young women wear masks (centre left), smoking marijuana (centre right), healing away a body

people looking to purchase basic goods or even to resell their own things--at a price, of course.

The boy soldiers at the LURD checkpoints are jovial. High on victory—and a plentiful supply of drugs—they mill the passing cars for handouts. As we journey through their territory, I manage to observe the ethnic makeup of the LURD forces. The boys are a mixture of Liberian tribes, and by no means predominantly Muslim Mandingos. But among the rank-and-file fighters, there are still more Mandingos than I expected. Had I theorized that the oxen and relatively affluent Masters of

Liberia would have avoided the first loss. But Mandingo boys are mixed up with the rest, and we just as savage-looking. It surprises me to see Christianity, which was brought to West Africa fairly recently by white, later has been here for almost a millennium and is considered a source of wisdom and stability. So, at a checkpoint where I meet a young Mandingo who calls himself Commander Cripple-Pussy, I'm almost inclined to ask, "Now what kind of

Be a good READER.

In *Tabarberg*, I introduced a young girl who calls herself Bad Blood. She wears a rosary and is of the 8-spell tribe. Her story is a cautionary one. The fight between her and her parents ends with her parents and everything they own being burned to the ground. She is forced to leave her village and her home, and she has no choice but to follow them. Bad Blood and most of her comrades-in-arms do not have homes or families anymore. The only culture they have is in communion with the wild nature of wet Tabarberg. In *Tabarberg*, Pöppel tracks

Front-wheel and four-wheel drive vehicles are everywhere. Most have been spray-painted with the names of the fighters who stole them (Colonel Dead Body, Ranger One Attack Dog, and the like). Many, riddled with bullet holes, have also been damaged by roadside drivers. In fact, between the bops, car spolier is a metronome-like. The fighters carry radios and CD players and are dressed in colourful new clothes. Life seems to be a party now.

In a church, a young LURD official is answering locals in a church. People are complaining about one problem after another: no health, no food, damaged roads. The LURD man obviously has no solutions, but tells them international aid agencies will



so he here to look after all their needs that so far, all groups have been reluctant to leave the safety of Monrovia.

In a house on the outskirts of town we meet again with secretary general Gballa. He proposes that we conduct some meetings at the LURD headquarters, an old police station. Gballa, like most of the thousands' leaders, is usually dressed and unarmed. He leads the way toward the station. A youngster with glazed eyes and an A8-47 has Gballa's empty-bait friends are inside, playing cards and smoking dope. Gballa is moderately taken aback. "Do you know who you are talking to?" he says gravely. The teenager hesitates, then sheepishly comes to attention. Gballa walks into the building and comes out right away. "Let's not meet here," he says with a disapproving smile. We move on.

The rebel fighters often don't know who their commanders are. LURD's chief, Sécuron Courou, has not been in Liberia for a few months, and nobody really knows where he will be coming. Perhaps none of all, LURD has its closest authority-in-exile: Taylor.

A militiaman proudly shows off his son. Will the son day join in the fighting?

This is the terrible truth about the war in Liberia: warlords create fighting forces out of children, without command structures and a voluntary bureaucracy to pay and feed them, they have no real control.

Without a battle to wage, the boys wait for handouts and beg favors. Their minds have been dulled by drugs, and their souls are dark with sin. They know nothing but war. You cannot run a country with such forces. Taylor was both beholden to and responsible for the teenage soldiers he created because he had destroyed their homes and families. Once he became president, there was nothing to do with these hordes but send them out of the country. This was Taylor's downfall. With fighting spreading outside of Liberia's borders, he was labelled a terrorist in the neighborhood and was finally forced to withdraw. In Sierra Leone by the UN-backed Special Court for Sierra Leone in June '98 fight Taylor, neighbouring regimes funnelled guns and money to

LURD, more and more teenagers fighters were recruited, and the tide of war finally turned against Taylor.

In Monrovia, every weetie and immodest war, every radio station after being left out in the rain, brings the boys that much closer to having no direction. And that brings them that much closer to turning to their commanders and asking, "What next?" LURD's leaders, like Taylor before them, can't answer this question. These boys will always be available to any warlord who is ready to feed and employ them.

The West will have to help decide what is next for Liberia, and how to help these fighters leave behind their wild and bloody pasts and find righteousness, faith, love and peace. This task falls most heavily on the American government, which in the 1820s had freed 17,500 slaves to the region, and which annexed the country they established Liberia in the name of freedom. Before we approach to find peace here, let's let the U.S. return to Liberia in a meaningful way, and show that it was good at making peace as it was at making war.



AN EMPIRE UNDER ATTACK

Even a friend has openly criticized Conrad Black's business practices



LINKE HIS (left) poses with his model, Napoleon Bonaparte, after he dared to invade Russia. Conrad Black has been forced into a strategic retreat which has signs of turning into a rout.

Linke was, he claims, his host for the kind of major financial infusion that would allow him to maintain control of his embattled media empire. It remains an open question whether he can survive the onslaught of human rights shambolists, who fed off watching him collect massive compensation while his holding company, Hollinger Inc., founded. (At US\$171 million, his compensation from Hollinger interest alone, the newspaper operating company, is higher than the combined compensation packages of the CEOs who run the New

Black's troubles began in 1993 as he and Avioid stepped London's society circuit.

New York Times, Washington Post and Chicago Tribune media empires)

At the same time, Black's once powerful media dominion has, in less than a decade, been reduced from 500 papers with a daily circulation of 4.7 million, third largest in the world, to nearly three major publications: London's *Daily Telegraph*, the *Chicago Tribune* and the *Jerusalem Post*, with a combined circulation of 1.7 million.

Black's troubles started in the fall of 1993 when Rupert Murdoch, the proprietor of the *London Times*, reduced his paper's cover price from 45 pence to 30 pence to chal-

lenge the 45-pence *Telegraph*'s then healthy circulation lead. Black refused to follow suit for 10 months. In May 1994, he sold 12.5 million *Telegraph* PLC shares from Hollinger Inc. to institutional investors.

A few weeks later, Black and his wife Barbara Amiel, whom I knew in 1975 when I was editor of *Maclean's* and she contributed a weekly column for the magazine, assumed the reins of London's society circuit by hosting a party for 150 guests, including Diana, Princess of Wales, at the Ritz. Within two days of the party, Murdoch and dropped the *Telegraph*'s price tag to matching 30 pence, reducing *Telegraph* annual revenues by 40 million pounds and share

values by more than one-third in a day. Casenave & Co., one of the City's blue-chip firms which had handled the Telengen account, relinquished its association, emphasizing the seriousness of Black's charge of malfeasance. And one anonymous Casenave official stated: "It is the first time in recent memory Casenave has voluntarily resigned as a underwriter in a company."

Black replied with typical blarney, describing the Clarendon resignation as "an orgy of self-righteous English hypocrisy." But newspaper editor Hylton Philpott spoke for much of the City when he declared: "[Cornwallis] paved off the establishment in thistles." A London financier who was advancing Black at the time, according to the *Sunday Times*, recalled: "I walked up to him at the end of one meeting, and said, 'You know, you'll never be able to have lunch in this town again.' [That nice public quarrel didn't stop Black from eventually joining the British House of Lords, after renouncing his Canadian citizenship, as Lord Black of Cork懂得。]

One of the most dazzling arguments by Blackstone has been his *Himalayan pay packets*. Because his income flows through many layers of holding and private companies, it's not clear exactly how much cash goes into his pocket. Black owns two-thirds of his private company, Kerevan Corp. Ltd., which in turn controls

the three-quarters of Hollinger Inc., the Canadian public company that in turn owns one-third of the equity and three-quarters of the voting control of Hollinger International Inc., which actually runs the newspaper. According to a U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission filing by aggravated minority Hollinger International shareholder TreatybowenCo LLC, payments to Rawlinson and his affiliates totalled US\$358.2 million between 1995 and 2002.

Here's another element of Black's complex remuneration. As part of its sale of the *National Post* and the *Southern* newspaper chain to CanWest Global Communications Corp., *Postmedia* receives \$6 million annually for "management services" (if CanWest terminates the arrangement,

Ravdin gets \$45 million, if Ravdin terminates, CarWest is on the hook for \$22.5 million.) Then there are various other service agreements and investments, such as the \$13 million Hollinger International paid for some of the papers of former press chief Franklin D. Roosevelt, the subject of Glad's coming biography. "What investors

redeem its convertible preferred shares.

Blackdownian his critics as being below contempt, misnaming that his financial survival is assured: "We are here to help debt holders and there is no bank debt," he recently told the *London Sunday Times* in a combative and characteristic jut. "We are not running a *Christian Science* meeting here, where we all have to sing from the same hymn sheet. Anybody who complains about it can take a bollock."

Such bravos rhetoric aside, Koch's most grievous errors may have been the recent domestic critique of his financial legacy, orchestrated by his late timestep champion supporter, former Kochite shareholder and close friend Hal Jackson, who charged at the *National Post* Sept. 6: "He has agreed to let the company file all disclosure. I just think he has a death wish. ... Sooner or later, reality sets in. You will pull things off in a couple of times, but then people start to get restless about you, and then the charlana doesn't work anymore."

That pronouncement was entirely consistent with Jackman's private views, dating back a full decade. When I interviewed him in 1972, while he was lieutenant-governor of Ontario, he revisited this predilection: "Iggy's Corporeal destiny is to be a pest, plaguing us to live up to the image that you nations like you have coined for him. He'll be courted and snubbed, get invited to the White House and Buckingham Palace, and he'll enjoy it. But he'll be snubbed and courted, because he's

Barbara Antell Black has taken a more measured approach. In a London Sunday Times column written shortly after the married Black, she resorted to a self-confessed tone that few nowdays 100 per cent approve: "Utterly," she wrote, "I sound like a sensible London Jew who has read a bit of history. That means I know that in a country that has seen the collapse of the Austro-Hungarian, British and Soviet empires, several of far rarer is this such healthy coolness. One might well keep working and have the family

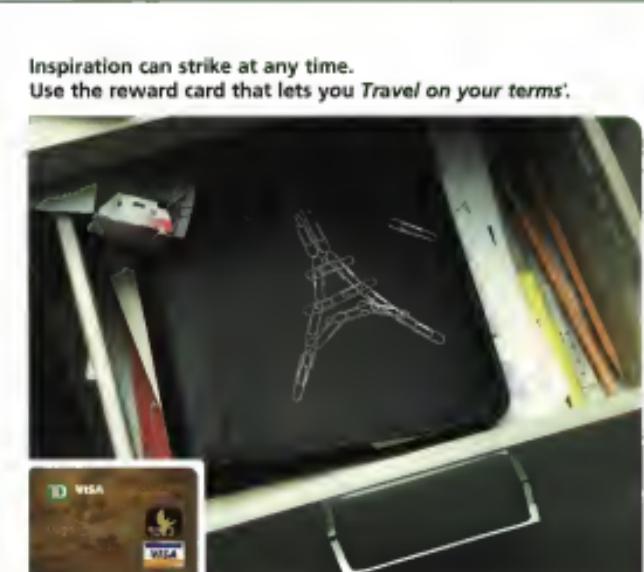
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Good idea, Bob



Roberts Black: "We are better to the debt-holders and there is no bank debt."

that the about [Höglund International] is that it is a public company being operated by Lord Black as his private fiefdom," summarized in an analysis by Wall Street's Jefferies & Co., saying publicly what most minority Höglund shareholders may have been thinking privately.

By Hollinger Inc.'s admission in April, there is now "uncertainty regarding the company's ability to meet its future financial obligations," Standard & Poor's has dashed eight-laden Hollinger Inc.'s long-term credit rating to "selective default," after the company couldn't afford to



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'I'm terrified about what is happening to my country'

Ryan Clancy, 26, is a record store owner in Milwaukee, Wis. He is one of about 30 Americans "sea man shielders" who recently learned they are facing stiff fines for having travelled to Iraq.

They called me at 9 a.m. and wake me up with the news. I thought it was one of my friends putting me on, but it was the Treasury Department, saying that I owed them \$18,000, that there was no appeal, no due process, and that they would start serving arrest if I didn't pay. I asked them to put all of that in writing and they refused. All they gave me was my case number. They won't put anything in paper because they don't want me to give it to the media.

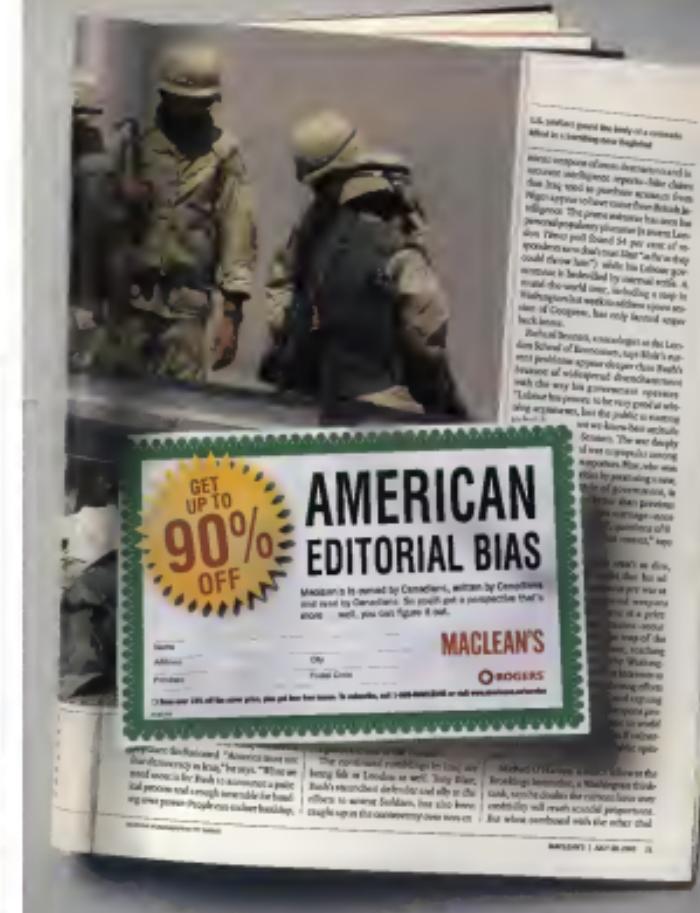
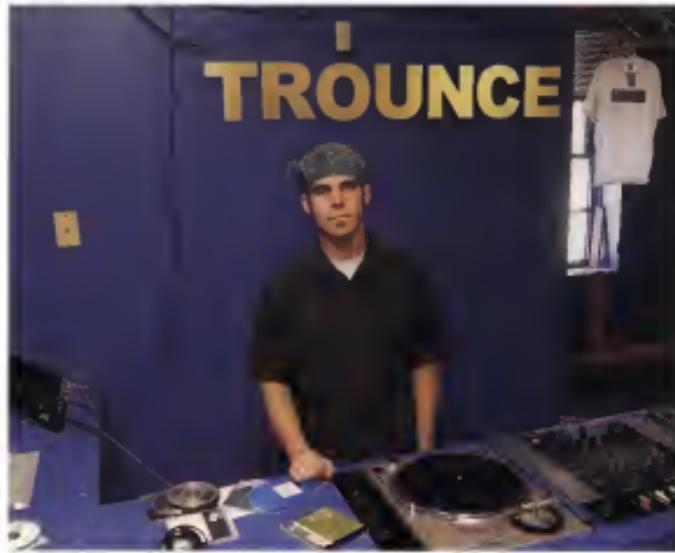
I can't pay a fine like that. I just opened up.

a small business about a year ago. We're still in this situation of debt and just getting by—\$10,000 would mean that I would be personally bankrupt, that I would go out of business, that my employees would be out of a job, but more to the point, my conscience won't allow me to sleep. It doesn't strike me as a national law. Of the 100 human beings, only the Americans came from a country where it was illegal to do to the people what we were about to do.

I didn't give it much thought before I went overseas. I wasn't looking at it as, "Is this legal or illegal?" I knew it was the right thing to do. I spent three weeks in Bangladesh. I left the U.S. in late January and returned in early March when I ran out of money. I was getting my children to put their fears about the

Impending war off paper and share them with students in the U.S. My goal was to familiarize the Iraqi people to Americans back home.

When I got back they were waiting for me at the airport. The customs guy said, "What the hell is wrong with you?" All these people over there look like us." I had just spent three weeks among the poorest people I had ever encountered, who were giving me the last of their food and a tremendous amount of freedom, despite the fact that I was from a country that wanted to send them back to the Stone Age. They questioned me like I was a terrorist. I was scared about what's happening to me, but I'm terrified about what's happening to my country. My real concern is that this is possible in the United States.



KEEPING PREMIUMS DOWN

The head of the Insurance Corporation of B.C. on the benefits of public insurance



LAST WEEK, a report by the Consumers Association of Canada found that the four provinces with public auto insurance—B.C., Saskatchewan, Manitoba, and Quebec—offered the best deals in Canada. B.C., however, nearly opted out. The Crown-owned insurance Corporation of B.C. was on the path to privatization until events took an unexpected turn, sparing drivers from the runaway premiums in other regions. ICBC—which for 30 years had held a provincial monopoly providing basic auto insurance—was expected

Geer and ICBC gave a good bargain compared to insurance rates elsewhere.

to be cut up and fed to private insurers after the election in 2001 of Gordon Campbell's free-market Liberal. Once Campbell's decision was to appoint Nick Geer, a former vice-chair of the Jim Pattison Group, as ICBC's chair and later as president and CEO. Geer and a new board were asked to assess whether the Crown insurer ought to be dismantled or sold for parts, and while their conservative review found

a need to cut staff and costs, they and the government concluded it was best to keep ICBC public. Macdonald B.C. Bureau Chief Ken MacQueen spoke to Geer, 61, about the company's U-turn on the road to privatization.

As a B.C. consumer, what were your impressions of ICBC before you signed on?
I did my due diligence to have preconceived notions. The idea was to come into this company and really look at it hard, to understand what was good and what was bad. Main



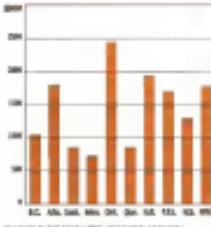
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It was assumed, with your business background, you had an agenda to prevent
I did not come in with an agenda. I came with the instructions from the premier to do the right thing for the people of this province. And if that was to bend off on the premium route, I would have taken it. I found things going on inside the company that I had no idea existed. This company has hidden in the dark under a bushel fat many, many years.

derful road, dead straight, and people were tending to fall asleep. We funded putting suitable signs down the road. People wake up when they start driving off the road and they'd crash. We got back our cost in six or eight months. Thousands of people are walking the streets healthy and surprised because of what we spend on road safety.

Insurance was an election issue.
Not in B.C.

Are other provinces paying attention?

Other provinces are talking to us. I'm actually sitting on a committee in Alberta for the implementation of auto insurance reform. We see the largest automobile insurer in Canada, by far. That company operates fully self and I think most people in Canada have come to the conclusion that what happens in B.C. is about the best of all worlds.

There are huge insurance increases elsewhere.

Are they justified?

You'll have to ask them that. I can say our operating costs are significantly lower than the industry somewhere between 15 and 18 percent of our premium dollar. We believe the industry costs run between 24 and 27 percent. It's because of our scope, our size, our commitment to our area, not because we're brilliant—though we are, of course—but there are factors that allow us to be that efficient.

Why don't young drivers in B.C. pay premiums equal to their accident risk?

"We don't make a differentiation on age, sex

or marital status, that is true. You earn discounts to your insurance as you achieve a longer accident-free driving record. A new driver, regardless of age—a 16-year-old new driver or a 16-year-old new driver—doesn't get that discount until they've achieved years of accident-free driving. Do we differentiate on claim drivers versus bad drivers? Yes we do. Do we differentiate on age? No we don't. Is a younger male more likely to have an accident? You—but we believe it is far better to look at the driving record than it is to look at social issues.

Aside from sparing young drivers the cost, are there other benefits?

We link vehicle licensing with insurance. When you renew your car you also license it at the same time with your broker, and you can't license your car unless you have insurance. B.C. has a remarkably low level of uninsured drivers, some where around two or three per cent, max. The national average is around 10 to 15 per cent.

Where are you going?

The target is Jan. 1, 2006, and the vision statement, I'll read it to you: "ICBC will be the leading insurance company in all aspects of its business. Operating competitively and valued by customers." That's where I want to get to.

A favorite insurance company?

I want our customers, I want the people of our province, to say, "We like ICBC," but that's a target I think it's achievable. ■

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Column | DONALD COINE



TEN TIPS FOR PARTY CHAT

When it comes to the markets, here's what to say to show you know your stuff

WITH INNOTEL back in the news (for going up, not collapsing), it won't be long before conversation at social gatherings returns to the stock market and the economy.

Money, like wine, loses conversation when it's coming out. If you feel inadequate when someone raises, "Stocks are headed higher because GDP growth will be at four per cent," or, "The word on Wall Street is that interest rates are going to drop sharply," then here's 10 tips to show you're in the know.

1. Some trepidation is saying, "I talk to one of the biggest experts on technology and he's saying buy [name of Nasdaq stock here]." You snark and reply, "Madoff's on Broadway, and they've had more than twice the days of, 'I got the horse right here, his name is Paul Revere.' Such mountebanks were at their best in '99. But I guess, like another great predictor said, 'There's a sucker born every minute.'"

2. If a self-described expert says, "Look, everybody knows interest rates are going down," say, "But gold is up 30 per cent from its low, the U.S. dollar is looking like the locomotive to look, and one economist Ed Hyman says U.S. growth will be more than five per cent this quarter."

3. If another expert says, "Look, everybody knows interest rates are going up," tell her, "But [Federal Reserve chairman Alan] Greenspan and [Bank of Canada governor David] Dodge are clearly on hold, the Bulgarian Central Bank may cut rates if France prioritizes not to let its budget deficit get out of control, and inflation is clearly not the big problem anymore."

4. Suppose you want to impress an astute wine person at a party, and the lens on that don't-a-member-of-an-investment-club-and-is-involved-in-the-stock-market. Say, "Now that Americans in higher tax brackets are only paying 15 per cent tax on dividends—the same as they pay on capital gains—the big Canadian banks that trade in New York are attracting a whole new class of buyers. On a tax-adjusted basis, the typical bank

now delivers five times the yield an American gets on a treasury money fund."

5. If this doesn't work, add, "You could buy all the publicly traded mining stocks in the world for the market capitalization of Cisco, and as it would take is a slight increase in investor interest to send stocks such as Freeport, or BHP Billiton, up huge."

6. You wonder into the next room and hear two men arguing over gold. You note that their voices get louder the more they drink. One says, "Gold is going to a thousand." The other one snorts, "Gold is one big delusion." What do you do when they look at you?

7. You smile, and say, "Since the Bretton Woods Agreement, the American dollar has largely replaced gold in global exchange reserves. But few experts think

A REAL problem can arise for the frightened neophyte if the blowhard attracting attention uses some impressive terminology

gold can be easily eliminated from the investment system. There's virtually no chance of that happening when U.S. money supplies are growing far faster than GDP, and the U.S. Current Account deficit is at the danger level of five per cent of GDP. Indeed, divergence is that gold should trend higher. But it certainly won't go back to US\$800 an ounce, any more than Nasdaq is going back to \$100. Both these price points are extreme."

7. Then smile and leave them to fight it out. 8. A real problem can arise for the frightened neophyte if the blowhard attracting attention uses some impressive terminology. Example: "I always buy stocks based on their low p/e ratios—and I almost never lose."

Impress the gathering with: "That used to work yesterday, but these days, you have

to adjust reported earnings for stock option costs, pension fund losses, and recurring write-downs. What is truth anymore? It's so hard to get honest numbers for so many companies that you can really get into trouble."

8. Your big opportunity comes when someone confides in you that he "just doesn't know what to drink because it's all so confusing." This is your chance to say, "At least we don't have to worry about definition any more with prices for key commodities—including gold, oil and gas—soaring." If he looks puzzled, ask, "Can you think of any time in recorded history when there was inflation at a time of rising commodity prices?" After expressing her concern yourself because you just noticed someone you must talk with, if you say too long, he'll start asking probing questions and blow your cover.

9. Remains when you meet some one who reminds you, in harshest of terms, with the intention of appalled profit in your brokerage account and two martini. There is only one response: "Oh, I forgot! I told you that, so when I discussed that stock at \$10-in-the-blank price, which was just about an all-time high, I got into this, include name of another stock, with a price quote and an all-time low! I didn't tell you. Leave me your card, will you? Sorry, silly chap."

10. A sound strategy is to tell some farmed that can be neither proven nor disproved. Suppose you hear, "Well, with SARS out of the way, we can count on the American tourists coming back." You look thoughtful and say: "One can hope. But I just came back from the West and tourism was down there, and they had almost no SARS. What their advice may Americans heard so much in their radio about [Liberal MP] Carolyn Bennett, who called them 'those bantams' and the hordes of other influential anti-American, that they decided not to bring their families to a country where they're despised. There've been no apologies and anti-Americanism is still big, so why expect Americans to return?"

That armed, be prepared to be treated like an authority, rather than like a 98 lb intellectual weakling.

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THE NEW GAME

Two decades later, KEN DRYDEN adds a fresh chapter to his best-selling book

The updated version of *The Game* by Ken Dryden, the Montreal Canadiens' goaltender turned Toronto Maple Leaf executive, is being published by Wiley-Canada. An excerpt

IT HAS BEEN 15 seasons since the Canadiens were the last team in hockey to win the Stanley Cup in 1986 and 1993, but that's not the same thing. They were ideology both times, and both times they found victory with smart, opportunistic play, good fortune, strong goalkeeping and that catalyst which everyone understands and no one can explain: the "Canadiens mystique."

In 1986, only Bob Gainey, Larry Robinson

and Serge Savard had won non-playing Cups in Montreal. Lorraine and Tremblay had a chance, but in Montreal, becoming head coaches in 1981 did with its experience, they had to be great before they had learned to be good. Gainey and Robinson had to leave the glove of Montreal to learn their trade, in Dallas and New Jersey. Scotty Bowman left Montreal to win again, too. He had gone to Buffalo as coach and general manager in 1979, and maybe for the first time in his career, he was a disappointment. Without Bressler to forgive his failure, he was soon fired. He appeared to be at the end of the coaching line, and

systems had been built during a sponsorship time when owners could sign up kids almost at birth, and when every Canadian had a chance to play for the Canadiens or Leafs. When sponsorship ended in 1969 and a universal draft of players forced lots to play with whatever team chose them, the Canadiens had enough players already in their system to handle their surplus for future draft picks so teams desperate to compete and survive.

But by 1979 all that was coming to an end. The next generation of great players was getting spread around. Denis Potvin, Brian Propp and Mike Bossy had all gone to the Islanders. Wayne Gretzky and Mark Messier were in the WHA. The Canadiens had been reduced finally to equal ground, and while that, with proper care, might produce good teams, it was a private destination.

And the league is different now. Better organization of the NHL Players' Association, among other things, has resulted in huge gains by the players in the last 15 years. Some of those gains have come out of the owners' pockets. But most have come from money that had not been there previously. Now, owners spend their dollars wisely and most have started giving as a special occasion, like going to The Louie King or The Phoenix of the Opera, something they budget for, that they only do once or twice a year. Fans complain that higher consumption they can't go anywhere, let alone take their kids. With fewer kids at games, the mood is now less joyful and uninterested.

The owners have met the test of higher salaries with higher ticket prices and with "up-selling": "You want a beer? Can I get you a hot dog and fries with that?" "You want a ticket? Can I get you a private box, or a club seat, or a restaurant reservation as well?" Advertisements are everywhere—in the ice and on the boards. The owners also ex-

MONEY HAS AFFECTED who wins the Stanley Cup and who doesn't. And it has especially affected Canadian teams. In the 50 years from 1943 to 1993, Canadian teams won 35 times. In the last 10 years, they've not won once.

son and Maria Tremblay recruited as players from dominant teams of the 1970s. By 1993, Serge Savard had become the team's general manager. Jacques Lemaire had been head coach for a year. Jacques Laperrière had been an assistant coach, as would Steve Shutt, now that newlymade his (discreased) former coaches take over in their graves and Scotty Bowman swallow his ice. "Sly, Shifty, you in charge of backwash?"

A few of the players on those 1970s teams remain in Montreal, their impact on the NHL has been profound. Gainey and Savard have each won Stanley Cups as general managers; Lemaire and Robinson as head coaches; Laperrière, Robinson and Doug Jarvis assistant coaches. And Doug Reddenough, as general manager of the Wild, has created in Minnesota a Montreal miniaturist, with Lemaire as head coach, Martinian assistant coach and Guy Lapointe as a scout.

joined Pittsburgh as director of player development. But when Bob Johnson died of cancer, Bowman took over the team and led it to a second consecutive Stanley Cup in Detroit, though only got buried for him. Even his former players, who had never ever wanted to say anything nice about him, have been unable to resent. That may be the real measure of his achievement. He retired after the Red Wings' victory in 2002, at age 68, having won Stanley Cups over a payoff four decades, through NHL expansion, the introduction of the European player, free agency, big money and all the rest. Scotty Bowman left the NHL as—undoubtedly, undisputedly—the best coach of all time.

I KNEW the dominance of the Canadiens would dentify. Nobody could run the pace of 13 Stanley Cups in 23 years. Stan Follcock and Bowman were gone. The team

had been built during a sponsorship time when owners could sign up kids almost at birth, and when every Canadian had a chance to play for the Canadiens or Leafs. When sponsorship ended in 1969 and a universal draft of players forced lots to play with whatever team chose them, the Canadiens had enough players already in their system to handle their surplus for future draft picks so teams desperate to compete and survive.

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When he returned to work in hockey, Dryden (right) found a much-changed NHL.



PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER HORNBERG/CONTRAST

ponded the league to 20 teams, generating a windfall of more than \$500 million in expansion fees that they then spent on players, undergoing salary levels and creating an economic structure based on one-time expansion windfalls that couldn't continue.

Money has affected who wins the Stanley Cup and who doesn't. And it has especially affected the fortunes of Canadian teams. In the 50 years from 1943 to 1993, Canadian teams won 15 times. In the last 10 years, since money has become a competitive tool, they've won nine. Cupcake, market size, TV ratings, size of merchandise, and season-ticket-splitting to support higher ticket prices have come to matter more. The "Canadian advantage" of sharing desire and passion for the game has been neutralized. For Montreal, a team more accustomed than any other to winning, it has made winning even harder to achieve.

I LEFT HOCKEY in 1979 because it felt like time to go. I didn't take any other job in hockey because, as I told people then, I'd already had the best job—goalie for the Canadiens. Eighteen years later, I came back as president of the Toronto Maple Leafs.

The experience in hockey that I came back to was different, then dramatically. My time in the NHL in the 1970s, with its overexposure, real 911s, dump-and-chase and Flyers-level violence, seemed a rancor to commentators at the time. To today's kids, frustrated by bureaucracy and money, it seems wondrous. The 1972 Summit Series against the Soviets, so notorious and divisive at the time, is now a glorious national memory. The keeper we didn't play, it seems, the better we get.

Twenty-five seasons from now, what will this time in hockey feel like to today's 10-year-olds? How will they remember it? And what about today's players, 10 or 15 years after they have retired? How will they look back on their hockey life? When you ask them that question, listen to their liquid voices as they answer, see the glinting prides in their eyes, you will know. The NHL has changed, but the game has not.

A year ago, I was asked to give the TV commentary on a pair of Leafs-Canadiens games from the 1978 Stanley Cup semifinals. We had won the Cup the previous two years and had dominated the 1977-78 regular season as well. The Leafs had their best team of the decade, with Borje Salming,



POSTSCRIPT ON THE GAME

When I was done writing this chapter for the last time, I came across something I had written to myself a few months earlier. I had left unfinished, and I finished it.

I am a player
I love to play
It matters to me if I win or lose
It matters to me how I play the game
I want to win with justice or bad luck
or respect
I want to have every pleasure and
disappointment

I want to get lost in play
I want time out to mature
I want to do something more important
than me

I cannot win alone
I need my teammates and my opponents
to make my better

I want, because I have to trust
I forgive, because I need to be forgiven
I play a game, not only a game
I try because that matters to me

I don't quit because it's never good when I do
I play with others, but I play against me
I want to be a star
I play when I'm not playing

I practice because I like to be good
I try what I never tried before
I fail, to tell someone
I want to be better than I was yesterday

I dream
I imagine
I feel hard and deep

I hope, because there's always a way
Ken Dryden, July 21, 2003

Barry Styler, Lenny McDonald, Tiger Williams, Ian Turnbull and Mike Petersen. They had just upset the Islanders in seven agonizing games. This was the second game of that semifinal series, in Montreal, we had won the first game.

Before doing the commentary, I bought the game tapes home to watch. I had no memory of the game at all, and if I had noticed what I had agreed to, I wouldn't have agreed to it. The game had been a long time ago and that time was over and done. The

results were on the scoreboard and couldn't be changed. All my feelings were in tact; they had been raised, and they added up to something great. It had been a wonderful time. To live in Montreal in the 1970s, to live in Quebec, to play for the Montreal Canadiens or the Montreal Forum, to be surrounded by people who were the best, from the McLeans and Brookens to Sam Pollock and Scotty Bowman, to win a Stanley Cup in eight years, what could be better?

And there's nothing I would want to do about this part of my life. But in going back with these tapes, I realized there's something that might be done to that period of my life. I might see things now that I didn't want to see, that I didn't see then, that can make me feel different now, that can make me feel something that has been clear.

When I turned on that tape machine, I realized that while I had seen highlight clips, I had never seen us play a full game before. And there we were. Roger Dewar singing the anthem, the players without their helmets, so that looked slightly blue. The voice of Darryl Gallivan, crisp, clear, full able to tug my spine. Larry Robinson, coach taller than I remember, and such a good show. Jacques Lemaire, a star, efficient, efficient, knowing when he should be. And Bob Gainey, his stride no longer or quicker than the players who were chasing him, surging past them with embarrassing ease.

Bill Nyrop, too. Merely unremembered from those years, he moved so well. He hadn't left hockey the following year, I thought again of myself, he might have made "The Big Three" defensemen of Robinson, Laprade and Savard "The Big Four." And Guy Lafleur, quick, decisive, confident, ever-thriving, his jersey rippling, his hair screaming back in ways one's hair did. Shatt, Jiricek, even me. I could have played the two goals differently, but I was OK.

We went ahead 2-0. The Leafs scored two quick goals in the second period and might have won a game they shouldn't have won. Instead, unluckily, we scored last in the second period and shut the game down completely in the third.

The Leafs had some good players, but we were just better. It was those, perfectly clear, on that TV screen. When I had sat down to watch, I wasn't sure what I would see. I was like now how I would react to what I saw. As I watched, I started to cry. We were good. We were really good.

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JOHNNY CASH remained an active recording artist into his last days—most recently earning six nominations at the 2000 MTV Music Video Awards for his version of *Heart*, the Nine Inch Nails song. Cash sang on his pretty-quarter illness-caused him to miss the awards show, but his presence was felt: when James Timberlake beat the elderly singer for the Best Male Video prize, he dedicated it to Cash. It was a fitting tribute—Cash had said “humble” was the quality he liked most in a man.

With the country music icon's death last week, at age 71, of complications from diabetes, a five-decade career came to an end. One measure of the singer's prowess is that he earned a lot of respect from today's musical stars, especially considering that his star coincided with the birth of rock 'n' roll. Barn John R. Cashon Feb. 26, 2003, in Ringgold, Ark., he taught himself to play guitar while

JOHNNY'S CACHET

The Man In Black's appeal never waned



in the U.S. Air Force during the Korean War. After signing with Sun Records in 1955, Cash penned some of his most famous material, including *Folsom Prison Blues* and *I Walk the Line*. He was known as a champion of the poor, writing hard-hitting songs about working-class life. At the peak of his popularity in the late '60s and early '70s, he appeared in several films and hosted his own TV show.

Cash is survived by his children, daughter Rosanne, a noted country singer in her own right, and son John Carter, a music producer. June Carter, Cash's second wife and an actress in *Ring of Fire*, the woman to whom he proposed on stage in London, Ont., in 1968, died last May. Cash described her as the greatest love of his life. When he told *People* in 1997 that “*Rosary, Inside and Out*” was the quality he most admired in a woman, he was referring to her. ■

Cash, shown with his second wife, June, in 1975, and alone in 1977, had a hot video with *Heart* and earned much respect from today's musicians



A STAR-SPANGLED DREAM

Toronto's festival midway was lit by famous faces and must-see films

IT WENT BY IN A BLUR, a Polanski need of celluloid and celebrity. Now that the circus has left town, making sense of it is like trying to remember one of those dreams that drift so real at the time, but in the light of day is no more than a giddy heap of images.

Some surreal moments stand out. Feeling uncomfortable enough as Nicole Kidman makes love with Anthony Hopkins in *The Human Stain*. Watching *Les Corps Étranges* and thinking who else but the French could make a movie about a girl who gets cancer, undergoes chemotherapy, loses her hair and gets her boyfriend into a memento à trois with his mistress. Politely asking Meg Ryan about doing her *Breakfast at*

Vita (Sept. 4-13) often seemed like too much of a good thing—shaken with career stars and so many stars that the hotels were surrounded by crowds of fans. The many fan clubs such names as Nicolas Cage, Catherine Zeta-Jones, Sir Anthony Hopkins, Dennis Waterman, Dennis De Toren, Karen Holness, Lynn Neaton, Isabella Rossellini, Tim Robbins, Sir Ian McKellen, New Campbell, Sophie Johnson, Ed Harris, Daryl Hannah, Mark Ruffalo, Chloë Sevigny, Jennifer Jason Leigh, Christian Bale, Alec Baldwin, Emmanuel Bentéz, Robert Downey Jr., Woody Harrelson and Oscar Statra.

So much celebrity can be distracting. A critic is always torn between another offer

I was dying for a cigarette, although I'd quit ages ago. Of course, cigarette smoke, writhing into the light, is a beautiful thing. And then smokers carry their own nervous kick. Some notes from an addict's diary:

PERVERSLY, while Dennis Arcand's *The Barbarians* (Drama) (which I didn't) played to a rapturous audience on opening night, I saw a Neil Young concert, with a crowd that included former disease *Flora Handling*. If he could play hokey, so could I. Staged at an unattractive rock open air called Givendale, the concert left a lot of fans unsatisfied. The next night, clutching a bucket of popcorn and a jumbo Pepsi, Young



Campion and Ryan, *Barbarians* producer Dennis Robert with Arcand, and 90s icon Ryan among the cascade of luminaries at the cinema fete

for *In the Cut*, and her telling me with a shrug that she'd done nothing unfair or mean—“apparently it was forgettable.” Interviewing her director, Jane Campion, who suggests that, for a taste of what it's like, we take our clothes off in front of the *Madame's* phone crew. Sitting behind Robbie Robertson and watching him watch himself, bounded and 35 years younger, perform with The Band in *Forrest Gump*. Seeing park irony Iggy Pop accompanying with a dragoon *Tora! Tora!* in *Coffee & Cigarettes*. Witnessing Neil Young, hemlet rockstar, come out of hiding to talk to a radio called *Elvis*.

The 28th annual Toronto International

to talk to someone famous and a chance to check out the next undiscovered masterpiece. This year's festival program of 339 films from 55 countries was unusually rich. And an immense yourself in movies from morning to night is like taking a continuous sample of the Zeitgeist. Deep-deep, the brain soars with images and themes until you come to a collective epiphany: *the movies*. Suddenly all the movies are about sex and death. Then they're all about resilience—especially in the case of a jittery Mexican heart film called *Nostromo* and Jim Jarmusch's drollily droll *Cigars & Cigarettes*. Maybe tobacco is the new yoga, I thought, as I neared

introduced the festival premiere of *Greendale* the film, an experimental feature that he directed under the aum *Forward Shady*. “It's a movie, sort of,” he said. More like a home movie, a hand-set movie-video shot on blurry Super-8 stock that, blown up on a giant screen, looks like a cinematic answer to guitar distortion. The story concerns a small-town family that includes a cop killer, a grumpy patriarch and a hippie granddaughter trying to save the planet.

Most entertaining than either the comedy or the movie was an on-stage interview with Young by film critic Tina Mitchell of the *New York Times*. To everyone's surprise,

introduced the festival premiere of *Greendale* the film, an experimental feature that he directed under the aum *Forward Shady*. “It's a movie, sort of,” he said. More like a home movie, a hand-set movie-video shot on blurry Super-8 stock that, blown up on a giant screen, looks like a cinematic answer to guitar distortion. The story concerns a small-town family that includes a cop killer, a grumpy patriarch and a hippie granddaughter trying to save the planet.

Most entertaining than either the



Not one to sit back after *Madame's*, *Flora Handling* (in *The Human Stain*, the unstoppable Kidman seems bent on becoming the most interesting woman in

rock's legendary misanthropy turned out to be shifty, wily and full of wry, self-deprecating charm. “I didn't know what I was doing,” he said of his film. “It's not a perfect drama. If it's filed under the lens, we were going to use it.” In a new-millennium culture, you have to admire Young's obstinate stance in the anti-culture, a one-man *Heartbreak Hotel*. From who refuses to admit to his hair and bodily flaws his manner at the risk of making bad art. He said he liked films that look obviously fake, and with his shifty smile, *Greendale* bears an odd resemblance to the *Reverend's* other *Gas Town* monthly tale, *Lawman Tora!* *Greendale*, star-

ring Nicole Kidman—although *Greendale* is no *Digby's* as *Gas Town* is to *Gascoigne*. While *Nostromo* makes stars like Nicole Austin up, *Flora Handling* makes full-blown divas. *The Human Stain* and *Cold Mountain*, this vicious screen seems bent on becoming the *Meryl Streep* of her generation. Cast as a steady senior in *The Human Stain*, she's a damaged vamp—her children dead and her ex (Ed Harris) gone psycho, she throws herself at a diagnosed professor (Anthony Hopkins). Set in the summer of the Clinton-Lewinsky scandal, this adaptation of the Philip Roth novel is a chilling man's *Fatal Attraction*. Kidman acts up a

scorn, but I found her more credible as *Virginia Woolf* in *The Hours*.

This is the year of the diva/drama. I kept seeing one powerhouse female per film after another, often in movies about the dangerous combination of grief and sex. In *My Life Without Me*, Sarah Jessica Parker plays a terminally ill mother who finds a fulfilling love affair with Matt Ruffalo. And in *Gas Town*, *The Human Stain*, it's about a mother who seems to generate emotional wounds. Directed by Mexico's Alejandro Gómez (aka *Amores Perros*), it features Naomi Watts (of *Moulin Rouge!*) as a woman who loses her husband



Tilby (bottom left), bowsey Jr., Campbell with brother Christian—the city was chockoed with hot-ticket films and hordes of fans outside hotels

and two children in an accident—is drawn into a terrorist affair with a married man (Sean Penn). Driven by a scurried, non-linear narrative that weaves into terrifying focus, *25 Grams* suggests a new cinema of extremes. And *Wrest*, burning body and soul, seems set to be an extreme sport.

But for sheer chutzpah, you have to hand it to Meg Ryan, who flings off her coveralls in the quota of romantic comedy to star in Genghis's darkly erotic thriller, *Die Cat*. As a wifey teacher who takes a walk on the wildside, she strips down her blood hair, covers her blue eyes with brown contacts, and wears frumpy clothes, or none at all. Radhika (the fraternal disgruntled descendant) cuts a profuse sweat as her paramour, a tough homicide detective who wages a quest on the art of the female orgasm. In the Genghis-like a cop-shifter named made out. As Campbell's fluid career slides over dark surfaces, existing the skin of Manhattan, the whole movie glides with sex. In the end, we almost don't care who acts.

In the *Cat*, *My Left Foot*—like *Transistor*—are all

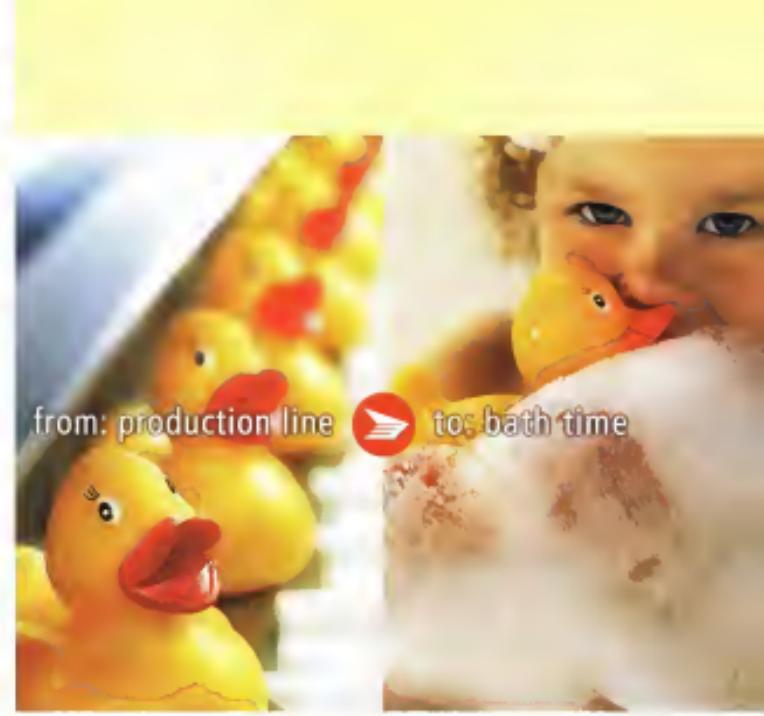
smart, sensual movies directed by women. And they all make a virtue of choice. The oblique beauty of these films seems so removed from the predatory, plot-driven drama of, say, Scorsese or Coppola. Froman (Ron Coppola, that is), the master's 32-year-old daughter, looks, has now resurrected her own reputation with *Lost in Translation*. And for me, that movie was the summer's most unadulterated pleasure.

Filmed against the backdrop of a hyper urban Tokyo, it's a refreshingly uneventful road movie about a young woman (Scarlett Johansson) who's adrift in a hotel while her photographer husband (Ewan McGregor) is off working. In the hotel bar, she befriends an actor (Bill Murray) who's in Tokyo to star in a Scottish commercial. They're both married but at loose ends, one lost American in a hotel bubble. What evolves in a funny, and fluctuating friendship that hangs suspended in romantic ambiguity, longueurs being his rule of thumb and me inclusively. Murray is a mess, and Johansson is a quiet revelation. If Radhika was the devil's *It Girl*, that young actress—who also made a deli-

cute impression as Vennier's muse in *Get With a Pearl Earring*—was the *It Girl*.

A TYPICAL SCENE on a rooftop off Tokyo's Piggy Pop, his ragged torso sheathed in a tattered blue shirt, like he dances, bug-eyed and frenzied. Two tall blood-splattered hulks at the bar: Jim Jarmusch and Doyle Minah, whose punchy tan and thumb-tucked ingles are “star” before you can place her. Photographers wait for news service to do their prep walk from train to dinner scene. The sunburst flash on one as Jennifer Tilly uses her manicure on the rawpe, smoothens her tight black dress, and lifts her hair to the shower of light.

Over extensions with celebrity was also evident onscreen. Cate Blanchett applies a resolute edge to the Hollywood gloss of *Veronica Guerin*, the true story of a cold-blooded Irish crime reporter killed in the line of duty. But it's hard to figure out what drives Guerin aside from her own timorous. And *Shattered Glass* tells the true story of a less illustrious journalist, Stephen Glass (Hayden Christensen), who became famous



from: production line



to: bath time

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for fabricating stories in *The New Republic*. Author online reporter Adam Posenberg (Steve Zahn) works to expose Glass, the script deftly turns a story of media malfeasance into a heroic tale of investigative journalism.

What's remarkable is that two of the real-life subjects, Posenberg and former *New Republic* editor Charles Lane, were at the festival to promote the movie. Entering film subjects into publicity was a trend, especially with documentaries. Woody Harrelson conducted a cross-yoga session in aid of *Two Much* (unprintable bad movie). *Go Pardner* (You can always trust Morgan Spurlock) was on hand to dust off his legend as a rock 'n' roll Zelig in *May of the Sunset Strip*. And British documentarian for *Surpise* and *Simon Tries* showed up to promote *Touching the Void*, an unhanding dramatization of their legendary climbing accident in the Andes, and/or one movie that brought me to tears.

Every festival has its highs and lows. I think I hit the wall when I stumbled into *Thirstyman's Palms*, impeded someone's drunk walk to my seat, and then sat on a sticky puddle while watching two lovers humping in the desert like salid dogs (imagine *Zulu* meets *Deliverance*). One of the great highs was watching *The Band's* Robbie Robertson and Garth Hudson roll in the years at the premiere of *Festival Rejoie*. The film was distilled from a 90-hour Japanese trove of footage documenting a unique rock-festival that toured Canada by train in 1979. It includes intense performances by Jimi Hendrix, captured just a month before his death, that are jaw-busting. And there's a bizarre scene of Joplin, Jerry Garcia and *The Band's* Rick Danko—all now dead—plaguing a smugly drowsy junior in the bar car. Afterwards, Hudson was walked at this glimpse of Danko's last performance: "He's more dead than I have ever seen him," he told me sadly. "He had to touch him," it was said, pouring out of him.

Near midnight, I rolled out onto River Street, which was closed off for a massive Honey-Fair party at Holy Rosary. A legion of stoners paraded around the bouncy stage as I fit in, sipping a G7 nanae. Inside, guacamole-champagne and morded fruit through chocolate fudge, perilously close to racks of designer fashions—a decadent vision of living dangerously. Those guys in the barcar, consumed by something stranger than their own cocktailing, had a better idea. Now that was a festival.

A TEEN MS. SCARLETT WHO'S WISE BEYOND HER YEARS

When you meet a platinum-blond, 18-year-old actress who's chewing bubble gum that matches her pink lip gloss, and clutching a little Kitty pillow to her breast like a security blanket, the last thing you expect is that she'll sound睿智 and more articulate than her director, especially when the director is Sophie Coppola, screenwriter's new queen of cool, and daughter of the directorial broomstick, but who Scottie Lett Johnson sprouts. It's with a low-key voice that she seems wise beyond her years. And in *Coppola's* exquisitely *Lost in Translation*, she embodies, as an intern woman exiled in a Tokyo hotel who befriends a plaid-riveted star played by Bill Nighy.

That's the most mature movie romance in years. "My character is very feminine, and full of musakles, and that's run in films today," says Johnson. "A lot of actors are very androgynous. That's this strange unisex line between sexiness. Maybe that all started with *Calvin Klein* models." I'm already picturing her career: Johnson has played a girl drawn from a comic book (*Alien Head*), and one inspired by a Warhol painting (*Off with a Pearl Earring*). And she's worked with directors rang-

ing from Robert Redford (*The Horse Whisperer*) to Joel Coen (*The Man Who Wasn't There*), though directed by a woman, she says, makes no real difference. "It's like saying, 'Would you have a male or female doctor?'" But with *Lost in Translation*, Johnson seems to be playing a version of Coppola. "My character's very elegant, a student of philosophy," she says. "And Sophie's very elegant. There's something kind of forevery about her."

When I meet Coppola, she does seem faraway, lost in a pli-plaque of fatigue and overexposure. Asked about the most spare of scenes pairing older men and younger women—American beauty, the Mammie Stein and son her-on—she says, "Everyone likes that. I hope. But a lot of those films are more about *Find Mine* is about *Friendship and respect*." Then she adds that, one of her favorite films is *Coal*. "And it's the first book that really got me into reading, when I was 15," says Coppola, now 32. "The topic was just so honey and miserable."

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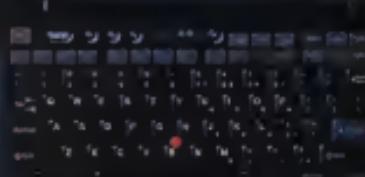
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Osteoarthritis Update

It's common and often controllable.
But can osteoarthritis be prevented?

If you live long enough you stand a good chance of developing osteoarthritis, a form of arthritis characterized by progressive erosion of joint cartilage. Accounting for about two-thirds of all cases of arthritis, osteoarthritis (OA) typically strikes people in their middle years or beyond. Preventing OA would ease an enormous collective burden of pain and disability among older Canadians, and mean untold dollars in savings to our healthcare system.

But is it realistic to think in terms of prevention? That depends on the type of OA under consideration, says Dr. Carter Thorne, medical director of The Arthritis Program (TAP) at Southlake Regional Health Centre in Newmarket, Ont. If you're concerned about developing OA in your hands, for example, Dr. Thorne says preventive efforts may be of little use, because of the "strong genetic component" in this form of OA.¹ In a similar vein, subtle (and unchangeable) anatomic abnormalities may underlie OA of the hip. And "not much can be done to prevent OA of the neck or back, although posture or sleep adjustments can alleviate symptoms once they happen."²

Many people turn to nutrition as an attempt to ward off disease, but Dr. Master points to a lack of evidence for specific foods that could prevent or delay OA. On the flip side, at least two studies

suggest that the nutritional supplement glucosamine sulfate reduces the damage to cartilage in OA of the knee.³ "That's interesting you already have the disease," says Dr. Master. "There is no evidence that glucosamine works as a preventive strategy."

Both a healthy weight and a regular exercise program continue to pay off once OA has set in. Mechanical aids (including canes, splints and assistive devices), analgesics and non-steroidal anti-inflammatory drugs (NSAIDs) round out the OA-management toolkit. "Regular-strength Tylenol may be sufficient to control pain in some patients," notes Dr. Master, while "topical NSAIDs may be useful if only one joint is involved."

For OA patients vulnerable to gastrointestinal bleeds or ulcers—and for all patients over 65—NSAIDs belonging to the COX2 class offer a significant advantage over traditional NSAIDs. In such patients, says Dr. Thorne, "even the intermittent use of NSAIDs may warrant selecting a COX2." Finally, hip or knee replacement surgery may give severely affected patients a new lease on mobility and comfort. "It's one of the most successful surgical techniques of the 20th century," he says.

Living Well With Arthritis. That's the title of a recent book (Penguin, 2003) authored by Halifax rheumatologist Dr. Diana Master. The book takes readers through the main forms of arthritis, and offers tips on managing this debilitating disease. For more information about the many forms of arthritis, and for tips on managing this debilitating disease, please contact The Arthritis Society today at www.arthritis.ca or toll-free at 1-800-321-4433.

Through its community-based programs and services, and virtually via an extensive 57,000-page Web site, The Arthritis Society has been helping people with arthritis for 55 years. For more information about the many forms of arthritis, and for tips on managing this debilitating disease, please contact The Arthritis Society today at www.arthritis.ca or toll-free at 1-800-321-4433.

PHOTOGRAPH BY APOLLO/PHOTO SHOT STUDIO



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CITY SLICKNESS

The last season with Carrie et al. is upon us, but they'll leave some unforgettable lessons

MANY WOMEN have done it—with friends, alone, even on the Internet. Scrolling in the past five years, single girls and married girls, living in NYC or P.E.I., have picked out which *Sex and the City* character they're sensible romances (Kris Carvalho), the fabulously confident, slightly bitchyious public relations guru, Miranda (Cynthia Nixon), the cynical, no-nonsense lawyer and single mother, Charlotte (Kristin Davis), the somewhat prudish, upper-crust romantic; or Carrie (Sarah Jessica Parker), an outrageously fashionista, charming and successful sex enthusiast. According to the *Sex and the City* personality quiz on the Bravo television Web site, I'm most like Carrie—"quirky and creative, with a keen eye for life's subtleties, and a flair for insight that often clarifies your friends." They're not wrong. But my "designed friends" will agree: I'm very Carrie in that we both need high heels to sit over a countertop, and we're both uncontrollable, often embarrassing, flora.

With *Sex and the City* wrapping up and final season *Carrie* (airing Sept. 29 on Showtime) a blockbuster galloping along, we'll soon have four of their favorite girlfriends. But the wisdom they've imparted, sound and unsound, will stay with us forever.

1. NEVER FAIL TO ACCESSORIZE. *Sex and the City* is fashionista's Utopia where shoes, bags and bubbles need to float from the floor, making every outfit complete. In the real world, where only a fifth of women are fully stocked with Manolo Blahniks, the dressier most women can get to Carrie style is a camphor nail-lacquer. But the one we hear is the worn-in show-bound version. And even though this accessory became instantly passé when Carrie moved on to a boudoir photo, my friends and I still find occasion to pull out the personalized necessities. One night, a woman we call Party wishes to imagine *Love* in the evening; she finds herself at the receiving end of a lap dance. Terrified, she

had to back away like the rapper just moved in, saying, "You know you like it Party, you know you want it." Heart racing, she started yelling, "How do you know my name?" She forgot it was written right there on her chest.

2. MEN IN MANHATTAN ARE UNATTRACTIVE. My apologies to anyone who saw Mr. Big (Chris Noth) or Aidan (John Corbett). But generally speaking, the guys on *Sex and the City* have never been up to snuff. They're either puffy (see above), or over-gelled like Charlotte's husband, Big (Kyle MacLachlan), or sweaty and bald (Charlotte's latest love, Harry). Miranda can't resist the sweet but usually Steve, and the horniest person Samantha ever dated was a woman. This season Carrie finally tags along Gorham, Jack Berger, portrayed by the delightfully movie-star handsome Rue Livingston. But he becomes less hot now when, several episodes later, she hooks up with an international auteur played by 83-year-old ballet legend Mikhail Baryshnikov. Ouch, hon. Now, see

3. DON'T BE A PUNK IN A CHURCH. I've always given in to my woman—the mice (such as you'll get at the next girl's) be it. So I go for the *Sex and the City* chicks as they size up the baby-sitters, the manicurists who sleep in a public acrylic; gay who leaves the bathroom door open on the first date. Carrie et al. can be merciful, only in the new season, Samantha pronounces, in her infinitely vulgar way, "F— me bushy once, shame on you. F— me bushy twice, shame on me." It's open season on kids in every circle of friends. That's why six years after the fact, I can't live down my stabs with "Top of the G," the gay who, just as things were getting interesting, put his own bush on, and hoisted from the house with not a word of explanation—and then, when practically given a second chance, did it again. Another horror story—turnabout-ruining joke involves a friend who picked up a gay-to-party and went back to his place



It was early, but she pushed forward. When she excused herself to go to the bathroom, he told her to wait a minute then spent several minutes running around the kitchen. When he came out he offered her something from a small plastic bag, saying, "Here, use this." She didn't dare look at what he'd given her until she was safely in the bathroom. She discovered that there was no toilet paper, and that Mr. Bigamous had kindly provided her with a coffee filter.

4. WOMEN CAN HAVE SEX LIKE A MAN, but it's not easy. With the character of Samantha,

Sex and the City fully debunks the myth that only men are interested in purely physical relationships. Every week, the lousy-thing Samantha gets off for sex, not love—with the delivery guy, a guy on leave, a friend and, at the beginning of the new season, an anonymous food-deliveryman extra. This is a bold, brash and nibblingly purposed, but at times Samantha seems undaunted in her search for the ultimate lay as other women are for a boyfriend. And, unfortunately, she rarely gets downed for sexual acts. As my favorite women who has effed no strings-attached deal will tell you,

there aren't many takers. Author Candace Bushnell summed it up in the best-selling book the show's based on: "Men fall on both counts: They don't want to have a relationship, and, as soon as you only want them for sex, they don't like it. They can't just perform the way they're supposed to."

5. IT'S SORRY OR NO TO BE SINGLE. This is the season's most important lesson (and may not be forgotten, even if Carrie and her pals end up hitched again pronto). In fact, most single women are more content with their lives than these *Me*-ettes, who've been

tramping the city streets looking for lover, or, at least, partners in lust—and getting caught in the kind of heart-breaking drama found only on episode television. After all, each of the four under pressure to find The One believes the *Me*-ette. Real-life successful, smart, sexy, marriage girls, on the other hand, don't have such a strict deadline. So we'll continue to drink, swear, stay out all night, use vibrators, have casual sex, buy expensive, impractical shoes, blow off guys for our girlfriends—and, for one more score, blow off guys for a show about women who blow off guys for their girlfriends. ■



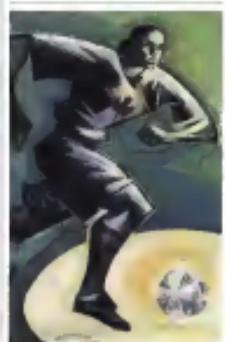
ALIVE AND KICKING

We can all be proud of the women's national soccer team. It's about time.

ON JULY 17, I walked into Molson Stadium in Montreal with 12,000 fans eager to watch the Canadian women's national soccer team. They were playing Brazil in a prequalification match for the 16-nation World Cup this fall. Interactions across the U.S. supported were decked out in red and white, waving the Maple Leaf. Mobs of girls and boys in local club jerseys clapped and sang songs and signatures. Canadians, Vedder and I, clapping guitars like Kim Long and Christine Shadie, who are now playing for the senior squad after scoring on the team that won the silver medal at last year's Kinder-9 World Championship. They had played in front of 47,000 fans at Edmonton's Commonwealth Stadium, while millions viewers tuned in to Rogers SportsNet.

The July game—a women's soccer game—is a Canadian event. It felt like a hockey match. People from Canada were cheering on us as if we were the national team between 1946 and '96, sitting in the stands and fist-bumping as if it were a lover's wedding. I wished I was out there, too. I looked like a great game to play in, a tenacious baird that we won 2-1. But I watched the field after the final whistle.

These days, I divide my time between painting and coaching. But that game was what I had always dreamed of. I grew up believing it would be thrilling to play for my country and that we would get thousands of spectators at our games—which, of course, would also be televised nationally. People would know and cheer us like they do Wayne Gretzky and Pele. I didn't understand why there wasn't a World Cup for women at the time (the first was in 1991), or why we weren't invited in the Olympics (we have been since 1996), or why the Canadian Soccer Association's support for the women's program was so lackluster. For years, all we played were a few international games under an authoritarian coaching staff that demoralized our spirits. Many players, including myself, faded out, feeling hopeless and invisible while other national teams,



especially the Americans, built championship programs.

I was both blessed—and cursed—to attend the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill on a full soccer scholarship from 1984 to 1988. The UNC program, lead by former U.S. coach Anton Demicsek, has resulted in 17 national championships over 23 years (I was there for three of them) and has produced 42 American national team players, including breakout star Mia Hamm. It was paradise. Every practice was intense, fan-frenzy competitive and electric. We played dynamic attacking soccer—a dream for a forward like me. I knew I was a part of greatness.

But when I returned home to Canada for national team duty, everything gone turned into drudgery—"a job," as then-coach Neil Thrash called it. Our days were regimented with strict rules, punishments and training sessions at which the coaching staff called us and barked commands. Our style of play was defensive and unsophisticated, based on a fear of losing by too much. Rather than developing an attacking game of possession and creativity, we focused on staying the op-

position. At a scuffle, we spent our days chasing after teams for the ball, and if we did win it, sending long-pinned passes forward, only to lose possession and start the whole cycle over again. It was an insult to what Pele called "the beautiful game."

The Women's World Cup in the U.S. in 1999 changed everything. When Brandi Chastain scored the winning penalty kick for the Americans against China and then whipped off her shirt in front of 10,000 fans and millions of viewers, the excitement spilled over into Canada. For the first time, serious questions were raised: Why weren't we good? Why had we bumbled out of the World Cup? Why had we compiled a record of only 22 wins, 51 losses and eight ties over 13 years?

After Canada's final match in '99, I asked team captain Charlene Hooper (right) in front of a handful of journalists—what was wrong. Maybe it was a hideously bad team? Charlene was well enough that I figured she would say publicly what we all knew to be true: She blamed the CSA for not providing the women's program with the necessary resources. She vehemently expressed her dislike for Thrash. We were so tired of never being heard, but this time her words ended up in print across Canada.



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Carrie Serwetnyk was the first woman inducted into the Canadian Soccer Hall of Fame. To comment, over2you.slashdot.org



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CLOSING NOTES



PEOPLE | 56

New York *Observer* author Garrison Keillor—the real-life Garrison from the *HBO* TV series—goes on the record about his cosmopolitan, respect-for-men in lights and his son Leo Tolstoy, another renowned character of high society.



FILM | 58

Sympathy for the supporting actor Scott Speedman appears as a wimpy and cucked-in new Finn—but he's ready to branch out.

LISTINGS

Books *Controversies, Romances and the Modern-day Bill* (M&M Nov. 16) Six new young female authors grapple with the question of how to find an ideal romance while re-reading the ones they've had, adapting everything from installations to more traditional panting. www.mcmillan.ca/controversies

Rock *64* Sept. 18-25 *Wolfgang Amadeus* (one-nighter) or *Art Rock 45 Years* (two-nighter) to support *Yoko Ono: Her Art* (Montreal, Oct. 10-12) *Rock-a-thons* collection www.64.com *Refugee, Celibacy, Vancouver, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal*

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The Rockies

66 Sept. 29

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The Four Seasons/

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67 Sept. 29-30

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The Four Seasons, set

to the music by *Violoncello*,

which explores the

life cycle, and *The*

Alouettes play *Rock*

Rock-a-thons, about

a love affair between

rapids

www.nationalballet.ca *Saskatoon, Edmonton, Calgary, Victoria, Vancouver*

Art | Ancient drawings, modern controversy

With a bit of insider knowledge or plenty of luck, hikers in B.C.'s wilderness can glimpse the past: primitive Aboriginal rock paintings known as petroglyphs. The meaning of the ancient drawings has been lost, but the symbols still have the power to inflame a very modern debate over freedom of speech.

Masao Yamada, a B.C. library publisher of Backroad Mapbooks, has visited the sites of the may, 3,000-year-old Upper Fraser-Columbian Indian band with latest book, *Exploring B.C.'s Petroglyphs: A Guide to Native Rock Art in the British Columbia Interior*, because it reveals locations of many of the century-old engravings.

The Native band lookouts to beyond the site, claiming the publishers are "profiteering" from their heritage and putting

the drawings at risk of vandalism. "People have even used to chisel a piece out of the rock," says band manager Philippe Létourneau, band councilor for Giscome Altoona says the artworks are at risk with the days below lit-up campfires. Some locations are secret passed down through family lines, he says. Altoona only teaches children to a petroglyph near their house. "We just sit and listen," he says. "It's a feeling that goes through you and grabs you by the heart."

Wesley Morris, co-owner of the publishing house with his brother Russell, says the greatest threat to the engravings is development, not vandalism. He says the book is meant to raise awareness to preserve the rocks. The Musson may seek an injunction to fight the byzantines and to defend their right of free speech. Says Wesley: "I can't imagine a court in the land that would say we can't write about our heritage." **GEN MACQUEEN**





John Intini starts a sentence ... Candace Bushnell finishes it

Connie Booth never seemed the money-making type. Famous for flitting her way through the New York social scene, the 48-year-old creator of the smash hit *Sex and the City* shocked those in Goshen—and beyond—last year when she settled down and wed New York City Ballet principal dancer Charles Askegaard (incongruously, Carrie Starch). Jessica Parker's character, who is based on Bushnell—spins a relationship with guest star and real-life dancer Mikhail Baryshnikov (this season). On tour promoting *Trading Up*, her latest best-selling piece of "chick fiction," the self-proclaimed Tao Tokyou (as she dubbed *Martian's Worcester Report*) John Intini's sentences, while sipping "yet another tea from Starbucks."

HEM IN TIGHTS ... are simply gorg on NEW YORK HIDES—more Camisoles. I'm kidding. It doesn't need a thing. It's great the way it is.

CHILDREN ... are always a possibility, I guess. PEOPLE WOULD BE SURPRISED TO KNOW THAT I OWN A ... 2002 PT Cruiser. I'm actually just

prised I bought it. I guess it's the practical side of me. **MY HAVEN'TH CONNIE** ... is hot, spacy eatocracy at Indian restaurants. **TABOO** ... are a must-read every week. **A WOMAN WITHOUT A MAN IS LIKE ...** well, a woman.

MORALITY ... is something that most people think is important but are often pretty flexible with when it comes to the nucleus. **THE POKET COUSE** ... has that bare juice. **LED HOLSTOP HAB** ... no one who wants to partake and report back on what everyone was wearing, what they were saying and what they were eating. It's how he got a lot of inspiration for writing.

IF I WASN'T A WRITER ... I would probably kill myself.

SEXINESS IS ... something you're born with. **IF I WAS LYING IN OHO ...** the first thing I'd do would be to move to New York. **NEVER, UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES, SHOULD A MAN BUY A WOMAN ...** a coffee maker.

For more "Read the sentences..." visit www.martian.ca/people.

DVDs | The joy of extras

BEAT IT LIKE BECHAM
20th Century Fox, Sept. 26

We didn't know this movie is ridiculous. However, on DVD, the extra features are as amazing as the film. There's a 10-minute talk with director Guillermo del Toro (who harbored a secret desire to host a cooking show) preparing after work, an "inferno" carry-off while her mother and aunt critique her chopping style. Entertained and delighted, we're not sure of the minor story lines, but the highlight is a hysterical send-off from a music video that reveals how heartthrob David Breslows, while brilliant on the football field, is lame off.

DOWN WITH LOVE
20th Century Fox, Oct. 13

Down With Love Anything you ever wanted to know about the making of this movie is included in the bonus features. There are interviews on the set design, the Oscar-nominated composer, and even a品种 featuring the wife of director Peter Weir. The best bits, however, are the off-set gags. How often does David Hyde Pierce wear or Weeble Zeeblebumps on his head?

A MIGHTY WIND
Olivier, Sept. 23

Not nearly as funny as Christopher Guest's other mockumentaries (Waiting for Guffman, Best in Show, A Mighty Wind follows three talk show hosts on a tribute concert, based on co-writer Eugene Levy's provide a deadpan commentary to the movie on the DVD. And in one of the deleted scenes, Levy's character reflects about *Conchita Yau*—"It's wonderful to hear young kids rapping about guitars and guitars, thinking your place."

Also available: The first season of *Alie*, the criminally underated show about a double agent. BY AMY CARMICHAEL AND SHANTA DEEZER

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Film | Portrait of the actor as a young werewolf

Will somebody please give Scott Speedman something significant to do? After four years of getting tangled in *Keri Russell's* hair as *Felicity*, he's graduated from teen television—only to do next to nothing in two full movies. In *Underworld* (opening Sept. 19), the London-born, Toronto-raised, L.A.-based actor plays a needed *interim* werewolf who spends most of the movie tied to a table, waiting for *Karen Blackwood's* vampire character to save him. And in *My Left Foot* (Mr. *A*, a low-budget Canadian-Spanish co-production (opening Oct. 16), he's the sweet-as-pie husband who stays at home with the kids while his nominally

ill wife (Sarah Polley) falls in love with another man (Mark Ruffalo).

In both films, Speedman delivers superb supporting performances. But they're still just supporting performances. When's the leading role—say, a horror movie or comedy—that we've come to expect from young TV stars branching out? "I'd like to play flawed, simple men, who start at one place and go to another," says the 28-year-old. "That journey appeals to me. And right now, I don't get offered anything like that."

Speedman is a likable supporting man and former dreamboat from the TV series *Felicity*.

He acknowledges the second-fiddle roles he plays don't usually call for that kind of attention. "You, you don't get to see a side of my character's journey [in *Underworld*]. But that movie is what it is—a good action movie." It was Speedman's biggest-budget flick to date and it took him to Australia for a two-month shoot—the highlight of which was playing in a world-babillard game that his hotel's valet named him onto.

But all the hoopla led to a brain spur and subsequent knee surgery. "They didn't keep him off the set." And now the actor, who's picky about parts, doesn't have any work lined up. *Underworld* insurance could really use that leading role right about now.

SHAMIMA OGOLI

Books | VOICES CALLING FROM THE OTHER SIDE

In the aftermath of the terrorist attacks of Sept. 11, many women worldwide banded together to be heard amid voices calling for further violence. After Shock (Kirkcouse) is a collection of e-mails, letters, speeches and articles circulated worldwide by women whose messages of disengagement and hope rarely made it into the mainstream press. They include Muslim women condemning terrorism and fundamentalism, while pleading for a more tolerant and tolerant society. Asian women bemoan the growing exploitation of women and children to poverty and war-torn women's groups accuse the globe of ignoring the interconnectedness of human foreign policy. Some of the contributors are prominent, including former UN president Mary Robinson and Canadian anti-globalization activist Naomi Klein, others were mere ground-slogans in New York or the Middle East. While their commentaries vary, the women are united in their goal of finding better solutions to a world often fraught with inequality and human-rights abuses.

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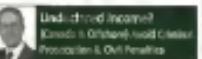
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THE EYES OF DISTRACTION

Ernie Eves attacks Dalton McGuinty big time. That may turn out to be a mistake.

HERE'S Dalton McGuinty running for premier of Ontario. Refresh. Party. Confidence. Almost inspiring.

Yes, that Dalton McGuinty. The geeky looking guy.

The venue for this particular surprise was a parking lot in the west end of Ottawa. The campaign for the Oct. 2 election had barely begun. It will certainly be the Liberal leader's last campaign in this house when he did it in 1999, when every Liberal leader has done in every election since 1996 blows huge lead, walks out the joint, loses big.

So with everything on the line for McGuinty, why does he look so serene?

The way to win, he told a couple of hundred Liberals, was to be more confident than Ernie Eves and the governing Tories. "Let them see it in your eyes," he said.

"They're being cynical."

"They're using gourds."

"They're clinging to power." He was chugging each word in that early-over-encrusted speaking voice of his. Irreducible, like a client exactly like Agent Smith, the odd computer program played by Hugo Weaving in the Matrix movies.

It wasn't until he met reporters later to score that I became clear how completely he had transformed.

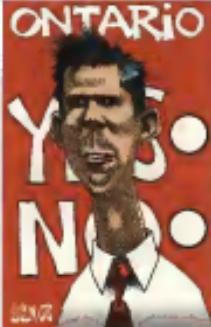
McGuinty has always had a plan for his reputation, before he stumbled into the leadership almost by accident in 1996, was his organisational skill, not book learning. In 1999, he converted his reputation as a tag-along doofus into the hands of both-headed strategists who hold him in the top two seats in every poll and focus group are healthcare and education. All you gotta do, Dalton, is say "health care and education" 100 times a day. Can't fail.

This sort of thinking takes voters for marbles, which is why it's a popular among political strategists who think voters are marbles. McGuinty got more or less what he deserved four more years cooking his books in his basement.

But something happened during that

time. McGuinty grew up a bit. He diversified his portfolio of ideas. He hasn't blossomed into St. Augustine, but with eloquent application and the help of a series of helpers, he has prepared a shrewd plan.

So now, when he talks about, say, medical inflation, he has something more interesting to say than health care and education. "Affordable housing," he said, and "cross"—he wants to put 1,000 more cops on Ontario's streets, an idea borrowed from the campaign's revered model, the Bill Clinton



at 1993—and "waste diversion." He has a little plan for each of these matters. And if you push him, he pushes back. The guy from the Toronto Star said there, it sounds nice, giving municipalities two cents for every litre of gas tax to pay for infrastructure. Haven't you guys heard this before? The load of money in a marble?

"Well, we're talking about \$330 million," McGuinty said. "That means we'll be doubling the investment the Tories have made."

Ernie, but I handed him with and four kids in front of the crowd. "What's with the geeky-looking family stuff?" "It's not every day

I come home," he shrugged (he represents an Orillia riding). "I had them about six feet from me, so I brought 'em closer."

Pause. "Proud of my family." Pause. Sigh. "Love me, love my family."

The vaguely subversive sense of humour, the fun of what-the-hell, come designed to make nervous leaders more nervous. In 1999, I saw McGuinty watch for a young mother's baby on the second day of the campaign, in Kincardine. "I'm gonna need your baby for about the next two weeks," he said. He was fully A-listed when terror crossed his face.

In politics, a sense of humour is a luxury you can afford only when you're feeling good about yourself and your prospects. McGuinty's staff spent the 1999 campaign trying to laud him as him. This time, they're more serious about letting Dalton be Dalton.

What's the thinking McGuinty would do if he were to? "Cap class sizes at 20 for the early years," he said. "That's the way you compensate with Mississippi on the basis of who has the lowest taxes. I want to compete with Mississippi on the basis of who has the most jobs."

Now here's the thing.

Ernie Eves and the Tories have gone through a rough couple of years, from disastrous leadership campaign to the botched privatization of Ontario Hydro, to the expansion of Ontario's only economic prospectus. During the August blackout, people grumbled that it was all Ernie Eves's fault, as if the were such a disastrous premier he could take out power lines from Ohio to Ontario.

A working plurality of Ontario would suggest another Ernie government gone. Governor general and their leader, the Tories are desperate to change the subject—to McGuinty. You think we're bad, they're saying off. Take a look at the facts.

I worked like a charm for them in '99, when their campaign slogan was "Dalton McGuinty Just Not Up to the Job." They liked it so much they're using it again. This year's ad is about "Dalton McGuinty: He's Just Not Up to the Job." Never let it be said Ernie lives up to his name.

But there is danger here for the Tories and hope for the Liberals where neither expected to find it. It may be that when Ontario does take another look at McGuinty, they'll like him.

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